THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867. Price $3.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 8377. Single Number 5 Cents.

SAINT VALENTINE'S FEAST.

To-morrow Saint Valentine's coming to earth,
To bid us make merry the day of his birth.
Ho! give him a welcome, and shout every one,
Hurrah for Saint Valentine, now for some fun.

From the North, from the South, from the West, from the East,
Come ye, on the morrow, to Valentine's feast;
Come, ye who have lovers, and ye who have none,
There's room and a plenty for every one.

Come, gentlemen, bachelors, bashful and bold,
There are dainties provided for young and for old;
Come, ladies, I'll warrant not one of you'll faint,
To sit at the feast of the love-letter Saint.

To tempt you, I'll tell you what wonderful cake
Saint Valentine's baker is going to bake;
The eggs that he uses are hard to be beat,
And love is the sugar that makes the cake sweet.

'Tis sure to attain a most wonderful size,
For hope is the soda that helps it to rise;
The flavors I'll tell, with the baker's permit,
They are essence of nonsense and extract of wit.

A frosting of fancy as fine as a fop,
Besprinkled with kisses spread over the top;
Most all who have tried it pronounce it complete,
But the piece I got last year was rather too sweet.

But cake is not all of to-morrow's repast;
There'll be goodies strewn over the table broadcast,
There'll be sweet meats and tid-bits the viands among,
From the slice of a heart to a bit of the tongue.

Not in cups but in couplets old hyson shall smoke,
And the cream you'll find in it's the cream of a joke.
There'll be soup made of razors, and pepper sauce too,
Boiled jack-knives, fried penknives, and needle ragout.

And now for the rule of Saint Valentine's feast,
The guests all observe it from greatest to least;
You must take what is offered, sour, bitter, or sweet,
And like it or lump it, you have it to eat.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

I may remark here that Colonel Brandon was a man well calculated to command respect, and there were few men would care to brave his anger, which was the more to be feared that it was seldom excited and never without just cause. He possessed one of those calm and even and dignified natures which always weigh and calculate and balance everything before coming to a decision—never hasty, never rash—ever honest, ever just—as firm, when resolved and settled, as a mountain rock—swerving neither to the right nor the left—going straightforward to the purposed end though the heavens should fall. Tall, robust, and athletic, with kind but sedate features, on every lineament of which was written justice—with a bold, clear, penetrating gray eye—a forehead broad, high, and slightly bald, with hair a little frosted—he was a man to remind you of a Roman Father in Rome's proudest days; and you would have felt certain of a righteous decision, if he were judge, even though it were to be against himself. Without resembling our great and noble Washington in feature, there was something, when I looked at him, that always brought to mind the Father of his country, and with most persons excited the same feeling of love and veneration. I will merely add, that among honest men he had no enemies: rogues feared him, his family almost idolized him, and his negroes fairly worshipped him.

"I will repeat my question in another form," pursued the Colonel: "Are you a resident of this State?"

"Not at present," replied the Spaniard, with some hesitation.

"Were you ever?"

"Never, sir."

"Then why not have said so at once? You have become involved in an unpleasant business, I am told, and I wish to see you have justice."

"Then set me at liberty," said Don Diego; "for if ever a man was unrighteously and unlawfully detained, that man is myself! I may have killed my assailant, but I did it in self-defence, to prevent the robbery and murder with which I was threatened, as this man will testify (nodding toward me) if you can get him to tell the truth."

"I know nothing about that—I have nothing to do with that," said the Colonel. "This is not a court of justice; I am not now trying your case; I am only seeking to get at certain facts, that I may know how best to act to do justice to all parties. Have you any friend to whom you would like to send a message?"

Don Diego did not immediately reply: he seemed to ponder—to hesitate. At length he said:

"I should like to see Captain Sebastian."

"He is a friend of yours then? When I say *friend*, please understand me to mean something more than a mere gentlemanly acquaintance! Of course I am aware that he knows you—that you were at his house to-night."

"If you will pardon my interposition, Colonel Brandon," said I, "I will merely state here, that when I was introduced to this person——"

"Gentleman, sir! Where are your manners?" interrupted the fiery Spaniard.

"When I was introduced to this person this evening," I quietly persisted, "by Miss Flora Sebastian, she particularly mentioned him as the *friend* of her father."

"And so he is my *friend*, and a gentleman and a scholar!" said Don Diego, sharply.

"That is the point I wished to ascertain," remarked the Colonel. "You have known him for some time? perhaps some years?"

"Yes, sir, for a good many years; and he can tell you all about me—all about my character."

"You have been in this part of the country before perhaps?"

"Why do you think so?" asked the other, bending his eyes keenly upon his interrogator.

"I thought it quite likely that this was not your first visit to your friend Captain Sebastian."

"I have been to his house before certainly."

"Some years ago?"

"How, sir? why do you say some years ago?" queried the Spaniard, with an uneasy, anxious look, and growing, I fancied, a little pale.

"Say between seven and eight years ago?" pursued the Colonel, fixing his clear, searching gray eyes steadily upon the wincing prisoner.

"I don't remember how long ago," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"Do you remember ever hearing him mention one Urbano Velando?"

The Spaniard started, turned deadly pale, and, in spite of himself, trembled in every limb.

"Ah! you seem moved, disturbed, excited!" quietly remarked Colonel Brandon, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the other.

"Yes," said the Spaniard, "my arm is very painful."

"You should have an experienced surgeon to attend to it," rejoined the Colonel: "I will send for one."

"Never mind, sir!" returned Don Diego; "only set me at liberty, and I will find one myself."

"It is folly for you to ask for your liberty after what has occurred!" rejoined Colonel Brandon. "You have killed a gentleman in this vicinity and cannot be set free till the verdict of the coroner's jury shall have been made known."

"And what then?"

"That we must wait and see."

"But between this time and then?"

"You must remain a prisoner."

"You have no right to hold me, sir. Where is your warrant? where is your authority?"

"As for the warrant, that shall be forthcoming soon enough; and as for present authority, I assume it."

"But, sir, the law does not justify you!"

"What do you know about law—especially our laws—you, by your own showing, a foreigner and a stranger in this region?" said the Colonel, rather sharply. "Do you wish to confess? do you wish to say your present name is assumed? that you have been here before and tried our laws, in various ways, till the people rose above statutes and took justice into their own hands? But now I asked you a question, to which I have received no answer. I will repeat it. Did you ever hear Captain Sebastian mention one Urbano Velando?"

The Spaniard could not altogether control his features when this name was mentioned; but there was not the start and deadly pallor as at first, and he answered quite calmly:

"It occurs to me that I have—at least I am certain I have heard the name mentioned before by some one."

"And did you hear what became of that notorious villain?"

"Who?"

"Urbano Velando."

"It was said he was murdered by the Regulators."

"Executed, you mean?"

"Put to death, at all events."

"Did you believe the statement?"

"Why should I have doubted it?"

"You know best. Had he a brother?"

"I do not know."

"Have a care, sir—state the truth!"

"And if he had, or had not, what of it?" demanded the Spaniard, in a sulky tone.

"This: that if he had a brother, and was put to death himself, that brother must have resembled him wonderfully! and, what is more, must have been almost the exact image of yourself!"

Don Diego was now apparently quite calm and collected, and he answered coolly and quietly:

"This may be so—I do not know—but I am certainly not responsible for my resemblance to anybody."

For nearly a minute Colonel Brandon said nothing further, but remained looking steadily at the face of the other, as if he were seeking to read his very soul.

"This is all for the present," he at length remarked. "Senor Gomez, as I understand you are called, you will remain in this house a prisoner till after the inquest, because our jail is some distance off and not in the best condition for retaining experienced felons."

"What do you mean by that, sir? an insult?" demanded Don Diego, with a wicked frown.

"Never mind what I mean," rejoined the Colonel, "but take matters as you find them and say as little as possible! You will remain here under guard, I say, till we know better what disposition to make of you! Meantime I will dispatch a trusty messenger for both a warrant and a surgeon."

"And am I to remain bound in this painful and ignominious manner?"

"That will rest with yourself to determine. If you will pledge yourself to be quiet, and make no attempt at escape, you shall be released—otherwise not."

The Spaniard finally gave his solemn promise to this effect, and a small room was selected and made ready for him. Wooden bars were nailed across its single window, and one of the overseers, armed with a brace of pistols and a large hunting knife, (revolvers and Bowie knives were then unknown,) was stationed inside to keep strict watch over the desperate fellow.

True to his word, Colonel Brandon soon dispatched one man to the nearest magistrate for a warrant—for in this case he desired to proceed strictly according to law—and sent another messenger to bring a well-known surgeon.

At the request of the Colonel, Ernest and I passed the remainder of the night at his mansion. By day-light in the morning, a messenger reached me, with a challenge from Captain Sebastian. He had been to the La Grange mansion in search of me, and from there had come here. I referred him to Ernest, who, before giving an answer, consulted Colonel Brandon. The message finally sent back was, that there could be no meeting till after the coroner's inquest.

Early in the morning an officer appeared with a warrant and took Diego Gomez into legal custody. It was decided, however, not to remove him from the house for the present. An hour later came the surgeon—a venerable practitioner. He examined the arm, and at once decided upon amputation, requesting the assistance of Ernest and myself.

Don Diego was a villain—a man, as it was subsequently proved, black with crime—but, for all that, he possessed a kind of physical heroism, which to a certain degree commanded our admiration. Those were not the days of anæsthetic agents—of chloroform, ether, or nitrous oxide gas—to destroy the sense of feeling, and give the patient a delightful dream while the body was being tortured and mutilated; then pain was something to be borne with what fortitude could be summoned, and the surgeon's fearful instruments sent their unspeakable thrills of anguish through every quivering nerve. With all this in view, the heroism displayed by Don Diego, I say, commanded a certain degree of admiration. During the time his arm was being severed, he never shrieked or cried aloud—though once or twice nature forced from him a moan, and big drops of agony stood all over his pallid face. When all was finished, the surgeon told Colonel Brandon that, for humanity's sake, he should not be removed for several days, and so he was retained a prisoner in the dwelling.

Finding myself at last a good deal prostrated with the fatigues and excitements of the night, I threw myself upon a bed and fell asleep; but was shortly awakened with a summons to attend the inquest of the coroner, where my evidence was necessary to determine the verdict of the jury.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TIGER PAWNS.

A few hours had served to spread the dire intelligence of the murder of Edward Mason far and wide, and, as he was a young man generally known and greatly respected and beloved, the excitement created throughout the community was so intense and threatening that it began to be feared by the more judicious that the gambler himself would become a sudden victim to the vengeance of the people. When I again appeared upon the scene, I found that quite a large party had already collected before the dwelling, having heard of the homicide and the capture and whereabouts of the assassin, and several had begun to clamor for his death. This summary mode of dealing with the prisoner did not suit the present views of Colonel Brandon, who now appeared before the excited crowd, and told them that in this case he saw no reason why the law should not be allowed to take its course, and he did not wish to have any violence done to the man in his charge.

"When legal justice can be meted out to the offender," he said, "it is wrong for us to assume the power of life and death. We should aid the law when we can, and not seek to rise above it—only where there is no hope of proper redress for bold wicked acts should we take upon ourselves the fearful responsibility of judgment and execution."

He spoke some time to the same effect, and his counsel at length prevailed. He next established a strong guard on the premises, both to prevent the escape of the prisoner and violence being done to him; and then, accompanied by Ernest and myself and several other gentlemen, all well armed, set out for Captain Sebastian's. On the way, he drew me aside for some private conversation.

"Ernest," he said, "has told me something of what passed between you and the fiery Captain over the very corpse of the murdered Mason, but I should like to have a full statement from your own lips."

I repeated all that had been said, to the best of my recollection, word for word.

Colonel Brandon seemed to ponder the matter for some time before he made a reply.

"I do not see," he at length observed, with slow deliberation, "how he could have been more insulting, or what you could have said to have raised a more terrible suspicion."

"Do you think I was too intemperate in my language, Colonel?"

"You certainly had such provocation as was calculated to excite a bitter retort!" he answered, somewhat evasively. "This challenge must be duly weighed and considered," he pursued reflectively. "I am sorry to see you involved in such a perilous quarrel, for he is certainly a dangerous man to encounter. No less than five individuals have already fallen by his hand. However, this matter shall be thoroughly looked into, and I will advise Ernest what to do. It is quite possible that the next communication you receive from the fighting Captain will be an apology."

"An apology, Colonel?"

"You look astonished—but strange things as that have happened before now. It would not be the first one from him, you know."

"But I can hardly hope for another now, under such different circumstances."

"Wait and see!" was the quiet rejoinder.

We now rode on some distance in silence, the Colonel deeply musing. At length he gathered up his reins, with the remark:

"I believe this is all I wished to say privately to you at present, and now we will join the others."

"One minute, Colonel Brandon!" said I, in a rather tremulous tone, with the hot blood flushing my face and temples.

He turned his calm gray eyes upon me, and I somehow felt as if I was choking. He seemed surprised at my disturbed manner and confusion, but for the life of me I could not speak for nearly half a minute.

"I—have—a favor—to ask!" at length I rather jerked out than said.

"I am glad of it," he smiled, reassuringly, "for I am sure nothing will afford me more pleasure than to grant it to the savior of my daughter."

The words filled my heart with hope, and yet I trembled still, for he evidently had no idea what I sought. That he would grant me anything in his power, except what I was about to ask, I felt almost sure. And yet why suppose he would hesitate at this? Ah! how we quake before shadows when the hopes of the heart are concerned!

I hesitated, grew more embarrassed, till at length I felt as if I could not speak, even were my life depending on it.

"My friend," he said encouragingly, after waiting some time on my silence, "you attach more weight to this request, whatever it is, than it deserves, I am sure."

"No," I faltered, "that is impossible!"

"Speak out then! and if in my power to prove my gratitude——"

"Colonel Brandon," interrupted I quickly, catching at a word that seemed to loosen my tongue, "I do not want this favor on the score of gratitude; that must be set aside; you must regard me as if I had never done anything, however trifling, for you or yours; you must consider it only in the moral sense of right."

"Pray, Dr. Walbridge, speak out, and do not keep me in this suspense!" returned the Colonel, with an encouraging smile: "my curiosity is almost as much excited as a schoolgirl's!"

"Colonel Brandon," I rejoined, nerving myself up to the awful point of disclosure, and feeling as if my emotions were stifling me, but resolved to go through now, come life or death, "I—I—love your daughter!"

The terrible words were out; and though my head swam I still lived. He looked at me for a short time in a sort of curious surprise. My eyes sought the ground and I felt my whole frame tremble.

"Which one?" he at length inquired.

"Cora."

"I think you might do worse?" was his quiet remark.

At these simple words I felt as if a weight was lifted from my heart, and I ventured to raise my eyes to his. His noble countenance was as placid as a summer's day, with no trace of anger there. Had I then really nothing to fear, but all to hope?

"Is she aware of this?" he asked.

"I regret to say she is."

"You regret! why?"

"Because, under the wild excitement of last night, while conversing with her alone, and fearing no such opportunity might ever again occur, I spoke words that should have been kept back till your consent to speak them had first been obtained."

"And how was your suit received?"

"I may be wrong, sir, but I fancied she did not regard me with indifference."

"You think you could win her?"

"With your consent."

He rode up close alongside of me and took my hand.

"Leslie Walbridge," he said, "I have reason to believe you to be worthy of the best woman that ever lived; and if you can win, or have won, the heart of my gentle Cora, take her, in God's name, and make her happy, and the blessing of her father shall be upon you both!"

I was overpowered. I confess it, simple as it may make me appear in the eyes of the reader, I was so overcome by this hearty response that I shed tears.

I pass over the inquest of the coroner, because nothing new was developed. I gave in my evidence, as I have before stated it, and of course the verdict was in accordance with the facts: "That Edward Mason came to his death from a wound in the left breast, inflicted by a stiletto, in the hands of Diego Gomez de Calantra y Sombrea."

Quite a large crowd was collected at the house of death, and great excitement prevailed.

As soon as the verdict was rendered, the remains of the ill-fated young man were removed by his friends.

Colonel Brandon took occasion to obtain a private interview with Captain Sebastian, and soon after my friend Ernest brought me a note, the body of which read as follows:

"Dear sir! From some facts I have just learned, I hasten to withdraw my challenge of this date, and beg you will accept my most humble apology for the hasty and insulting words uttered in the heat of anger last night.

"Your most obedient servant,

"FELIPE GUIDO SEBASTIAN."

"What magic is this?" exclaimed I, after reading it aloud to Ernest.

"I do not understand it myself," he answered.

"Colonel Brandon hinted at such a thing on our way hither, but I am none the less surprised to find it a fact."

"Depend upon it, it is because of some communication he has made in relation to that villainous Spaniard. If I am not mistaken, he has discovered him to be other than he represents—some scoundrel perhaps that has before been in the hands of the Regulators and escaped his just deserts!"

"His words this morning lead to such a conjecture," said I.

"At all events, my dear friend, I congratulate you upon your honorable escape from what I am almost certain would have been a fearful doom!" rejoined Ernest, warmly grasping my hand.

"Since he has seen proper to make me a written apology, perhaps it is no more than right that I should do the same to him!" said I reflectively. "I certainly made use of some very harsh language."

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be as well to do so!" replied my friend.

I requested a servant to get me writing materials, and I wrote the note in accordance with the idea stated. This was sent in to the Captain while still closeted with the Colonel. As yet I had only seen him in the room during the inquest and we had not exchanged a word. Soon after he came forward, looking pale and troubled, and offered me his hand.

"It seems we both made a mistake last night, Dr. Walbridge," he said, "and the best we can both do now is to remember only what is pleasant in the past."

"I am with you in that desire with all my heart!" I frankly responded.

"The statement you have made and sworn to, being true of course, (though I was too blinded by a partial friendship for Senor Gomez to believe it last night, and too much excited to consider my words and acts,) I am both pained and grieved at the thought that I unconsciously introduced a sharper among gentlemen. Believe me, I have been most grossly deceived in that man, whom I have known for some years; and a conversation with our friend, Colonel Brandon, has convinced me of this, even against my will. Curiously enough, this Senor Gomez very strongly resembles a villain, one Urbano Velando, who figured in this region some seven or eight years ago; and who, being caught in the act of running off some negroes, was adjudged to death by the Regulators, and actually executed, as I positively know, being present myself and seeing the sentence carried into effect. It is a painful thing to be so deceived in one we have regarded as an honorable friend; but of course I shall now cast him off and let the law take its course. I do not believe, however, that he can be convicted of murder in the first degree, because he was being held and his life

threatened at the time the fatal blow was given; but his crime is undoubtedly sufficient to put him where he can do no more mischief for many a long year to come."

"I am glad to see, Captain Sebastian, that at last you view this fellow in the true light!" returned I. "It was a very remarkable circumstance that he should have been captured in the manner he was!"

"Very remarkable indeed, and looks like a Providence! That he should have escaped through a crowd of Mason's friends, have got clear of the dwelling, have eluded his pursuers, and then have been treed by Colonel Brandon's dogs, shot by one of his overseers, captured and brought home just in time for you to recognize him, is strange and wonderful enough."

"And his associates, who disappeared at the same time, what of them?" said I.

"I know nothing about them," replied the Captain. "I never saw them till yesterday, when they came with Senor Gomez, who introduced them to me as his particular friends. He had just come from Texas, he said, had come out of his way to visit me, proposed to remain some three or four days, and then go from here to Alexandria and take a boat for New Orleans. I can see now, what I did not dream of before, that this Diego Gomez, being a sharper, had these fellows along as assistants, and I am greatly vexed and mortified that I was made a tool of to get them into society where they did not belong!"

"We are all liable to be mistaken, Captain Sebastian," remarked Ernest, "and I hope you will not let this unfortunate affair depress you too much! It is a painfully sad thing to lose from our community such a high-minded, noble young gentleman as Edward Mason, by the hand of a miserable cheat, to call him nothing worse; but I cannot see that you are to blame—nor will our friends or his, when they come to hear all the facts."

"Thank you, Ernest La Grange!" said the Captain, turning to the speaker and warmly grasping his hand; "thank you kindly; your words take a weight from my breast; and I humbly trust you will do what you can to cause others to think as you do!"

"I certainly shall!" was the cordial answer.

"And you can do so much—your voice has so much weight in this community!" said the Captain.

At this moment Miss Flora Sebastian entered the apartment, where we were conversing, through an open door. She looked pale, but very beautiful, and came forward with a sweet, sad smile, holding out her hand to me, and saying, in her most bewitching tone and manner:

"Dr. Walbridge, I most humbly crave your pardon for my rudeness to you last night! But I was laboring under great excitement, and angry words had just passed between you and my father. I know now how much I wronged you, for I have been just outside the door here and have overheard your present conversation. May I trust that I am forgiven?"

All this was said so frankly, so earnestly, and to all appearance so sincerely, that I had but one reply to make; which was to regret the sad cause of any unpleasant words and feelings, to take what blame I could upon myself, and to hope that nothing would ever again occur to disturb the harmonious relations now re-established between us.

After some further general conversation, Miss Flora drew Ernest aside, and they talked apart for several minutes. When Ernest again rejoined me, he seemed a little embarrassed; but presently said, in his frank, straightforward manner:

"Leslie, I must beg you to excuse me for not returning with you immediately! The fact is, there is a poor old woman, living back here in the edge of a small pine wood, some three or four miles distant, who is down with a fever and has no physician; and Miss Flora has not only appealed to my charity to go and see her, but has even offered herself to accompany me as a guide. Of course, under the circumstances, my gallantry, if nothing else, would compel me to see the patient!"

"Of course!" returned I, with a meaning glance.

"I know what you are thinking of," he pursued, with a blush, "but there is nothing in it, I assure you! If Alice is not jealous, you have no reason to be for her, my friend!"

"I hope not."

"The question is now about yourself," he pursued, somewhat hurriedly. "Will you await my return here? will you go back with Colonel Brandon and party? or will you ride over home by yourself and acquaint my father with all that has occurred?"

"I will choose the last," I replied, after a short reflection.

Soon after this I found myself alone on the road which led direct to the plantation of Mr. La Grange, distant about four miles, but in a direction to form an angle with the route to Colonel Brandon's.

That separation and lonely ride led to some very important results, as I shall proceed to show. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lost Daughters in England.

A few weeks ago a young girl of fifteen was brought before the Thames Police Court, London, charged with insubordination in a workhouse, where she had been several weeks in the "casual" ward. The report of the case, published in the daily papers, attracted attention, and when she was next brought up a host of persons in all parts of the kingdom, whose daughters, all about the same age as the prisoner, were missing, had written to the magistrate, to the chaplain, and to the master of St. George's workhouse, and each was in hope the prisoner was the "lost daughter." There were two ladies from Liverpool in court, who had each lost a daughter fifteen years of age. The magistrate, at the close of the examination, remarked that the publication of that day's proceedings would be a sufficient answer to the numerous persons who had written to him respecting lost children.

A London journal says: "A source of irremediable sorrow on an extensive scale is thus revealed. The publication of a single case brings to light the fact that there are, at this moment, numerous persons—'a host' of mothers—in this country mourning the loss of daughters of the age of fifteen, who have been kidnapped or enticed from home."

☞ A clerk in Iowa City says: A very pretty and nobby young lady called in the store the other day and requested to see our lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked, "Which of these pairs are the lavanderest?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. We still are able to supply the back numbers of THE POST from the first of the year.

FOOD.

What millionaires we would all be were it not for that inevitable necessity of eating and drinking! How rich and generous, how just and moral! Life, progress, civilization, misery, and enjoyment alike are built, wholly or in great part, on the slender foundation of bread and butter. Great is bread and butter! The strong lever that has lifted mankind from ignorance and barbarism into knowledge and refinement. For the original motor power in all mental advancement is the unavoidable question of food. Every other want may be neglected, even the pressing ones of clothing and habitation, but from man to the Infusoria food is the one imperative demand of Nature. Eat or die is the destiny even of the trees, and in a certain sense of the rocks themselves.

The necessity of food is a strangely mingled blessing and curse to mankind. It is a curse in being the fruitful cause of the world's suffering and crime; for where so daring a law-breaker as poverty and hunger? This necessity, and its fearful prognostication of the future, tempt men to theft, villainy, murder, to deceit, treachery, and evil deeds numberless. From it springs directly that fatal greed of gold which overflows every principle of rectitude, making men sheer fiends in their treatment of their fellows. Were we still beasts with no thought of the morrow this at least we should escape. Being men, gifted with the great faculty of anticipation, we let a blind dread of the future drive us to a discounting of all present virtue and enjoyment.

Civilization without necessity of aliment! What an exemplary race of Christians it would make us! What sinnings and law-breakings would be escaped! How sweetly then would passion sleep on the calm surface of an unruffled life! Where then the endless promptings of avarice, the temptations to forget the golden rule of *meum* and *tuum*, the covetings, repinings, harsh words and cruel deeds, all springing directly or indirectly from present or dread of future want, or an insane desire to heap dollar on dollar as a bulwark against possible poverty.

This is the dark side of the food question.

Another and more agreeable view is the immense amount of physical enjoyment derived from food. If a curse it is a delightful one, for probably it yields the greater part of human pleasure. In individual cases this may not be strictly true, yet there are comparatively few healthy individuals in whose complete sum of enjoyment the satisfaction of the gustatory nerves bears not a large proportion. To the great mass life means to eat, work, and sleep—to eat being their main source of pleasure, a daily recurring festival spread on the rough paths of existence.

There is a third aspect of the case. Why do the inhabitants of all fertile tropical countries remain in a state of barbarism until invaded by civilization? We have no proof but that their genealogies run as far back into the vaulted past as ours. Why have not these South Sea savages, dwelling on their ever-blooming islands, natives, every yellow and ebon soul of them, of an earthly Paradise, kept pace with or outstripped in the race we shivering, blanched tenants of the icy zones? It is no question of different races or of indolent climates. Food is the main secret of the difference. To us a necessity it is to them a possession. They need but to bend their necks and nature drops her richest fruits into their open mouths. We must dig and toil. Nature has been their almoner, and well has she fed her pensioners; and so with appetite satisfied and certain provision made for the future they have walked through life in a dusky indolence, treading down untold savage centuries.

But she has forced us to earn our food, providing a niggard soil, which only the keen ploughshare and the toil of the husbandman can render productive; presenting unedible grasses, which long experiment and cultivation alone have developed into our present grains; by the cold touch of winter rendering animal food and clothing necessary, thus causing habits of herding—and so soon as the first rude expedients to all these ends failed to supply an increasing population, forcing the nomadic races to assume settled habits and invent more efficient means of production. Thus first a direct pressure of necessity of food, afterwards expanding into a pressure of luxurious desires, has been the motor force to all our discoveries in husbandry, habitation, clothing, and even mechanical expedients, all original research being prompted by the necessities of aliment; this gradually changing into that search after knowledge for itself which is now powerfully mixed with purposes of gain.

Whatever present motives for research actuate the Scientific world, national progress would probably never have commenced without this ever active inducement; and even yet the desire for wealth which arises from the same cause is the great actuating principle of our progress in mechanical and scientific knowledge.

L'ECHO DE LA FRANCE.—This is a French Review of Science and Literature, published by Louis Ricard, Montreal, Canada. Price $3 a year. We commend it to the attention of the natives of France in the United States, and to American students of the French language.

☞ "Any news?" said Tom. "Plenty of new (s) now," replied Jerry. The drift of the answer was evident, and Tom and Jerry disappeared.

Rewards in Schools.

Flogging school-boys and school girls has been discussed by that respectable body, "The Boston Social Science Association," and we are glad to find that veteran and accomplished educator, Mr. George B. Emerson, plainly declaring that in his opinion "the system of flogging makes the pupils barbarians." Mr. William P. Atkinson, another gentleman of authority upon such subjects, said: "When a school cannot be governed without the rod, it is an indication that the school is not properly organized. If we were wrong, it is a consolation that we were wrong in such excellent company. Both the gentlemen above-named are practical teachers of large experience, and have tested the opinions which they publicly announce.

The system of rewarding pupils for good behavior and for proficiency was also discussed at this meeting, and Mr. Emerson said very plainly that "the distribution of medals makes the pupils heathens;" by which we suppose he meant that it promotes jealousies, heart-burnings, envy, pride—passions essentially un-Christian, although Mr. Emerson's designation may be unjust to enlightened and conscientious heathens. In Boston no more medals are to be given in the girls' schools—for the boys' schools there are, we believe, certain endowments for annual medals, and it may require a decree in Chancery to divert the direction of these funds into some more profitable course. But the action in regard to the girls' schools settles the principle; and an entire reform may be confidently anticipated.

Medals and other rewards might be more properly distributed if there were any way of determining with judicial accuracy the precise degree of merit to which each pupil is entitled; but so long as, both in degree and kind, intellectual capacities differ, and so long as the antecedents of pupils must be various, it will be found impossible equitably to determine whether the scholar who has excelled or the scholar who has failed is entitled to the medallic distinction. If the pupils could be fairly started together, still it would be impossible. There is no fixed winning-post in the school itself—the real goal is at the end of a lifetime, and the real race comes off, as they say, upon the course, in the fullness of manhood, and under very different conditions from those which govern the competitions of the school-house. Nine great men out of ten have been agreeable disappointments to their relatives and friends. The ultimate brilliant success of dunces has always been a biographic phenomenon. Genius is wayward; and although we may be sure that it will always study, we may be equally sure that it will study in its own way.

Very Sly Dogs.

M. Sanfourche, of Paris, the Rousseau of the canine race, has published a little book entitled, "Dogs, Cats and Birds," in which he relates the following anecdotes: An officer who was not troubled with a superabundant income, had a dog called *Azor*, very ugly, and always dirty, but possessed of an instinct which was perfectly astonishing. This dog fulfilled the duties of a servant. Every one knew him, and the storekeepers were perfectly well acquainted with his mode of doing business, for he almost daily presented himself with a basket attached to his neck, and in which was a card inscribed with the name of the article his master wanted. One day he was sent to the pork butchers with an order for six sausages, which were carefully wrapped in paper and placed in the basket. While going home *Azor* reflected—do not forget that dogs think—and the appetizing odor of the sausages mounted to his nose and awoke a raging appetite. If he might eat one, only one, thought *Azor;* but they had been counted, and the theft would undoubtedly be discovered. Yet what a temptation—some means must be discovered for getting over the difficulty.

Suddenly an idea strikes his doggish brains. The sausages had been counted certainly, but they had not been measured. All sausages are not of the same length. He instantly conceived a plan which he proceeded to execute at once with the address of the most finished thief.

Instead of following the usual road, which was too public for his purpose, he turned down a small deserted street running through some gardens. Choosing a place of concealment, he unwrapped the sausages, bit a piece off each end, folded them again in the paper, and returned triumphantly to his master.

The crime was of course discovered, but who could punish such a dog as that? "As for me," says M. Sanfourche, "I confess I should not have had the courage to do so."

The book contains another anecdote of a poodle belonging to a blind man who, for ten years after his master's death, occupied the post on one of the public bridges formerly occupied by his master, holding in his mouth a wooden bowl in which his gentle, pleading look made many a sous fall.

One day the dog was not at his post. Inquiries were made; it was found where he had lived, but he was dead, and concealed in the mattress beneath his dead body were *twelve thousand francs.*

Origin of Plants.

Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The nettle is a native of Europe.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
The poppy originated in the East.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Rye originally came from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The mulberry originated in Persia.
The gourd is probably an Eastern plant.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The quince came from the island of Crete.
The cucumber came from the East Indies.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

☞ Near Louisville, recently, during a driving snow storm, two women were found living in an old hollow tree, which they had inhabited for four months past.

☞ Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil with orange juice in it."

Doctor—"Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy, leave some of it for me."

Tommy (who has "been there")—"Doctor's a nice man, ma: give it all to the doctor."

Night and Disease.

Sickness and death generally come in the night; it is then when the body is in a state of weariness from the labors of the day; when, in addition, the heavy night-damp has its depressing influences, and the bright sunshine and the light balmy air of all out doors is not present to invigorate and enliven, it is then that the human organism is most susceptible to adverse influences, and is less capable of resisting and warding off the approaches of disease and decay and death. It is the out doors and the sunshine which so oxygenate the blood, and impart to it a sparkle and a life as it courses through artery and vein; every step becomes a pleasure, every thought a happiness, and it is delicious even to breathe. Now what is it that gives to the out door air of a clear, sunshiny day all these soul-thrilling qualities? It is the greater amount of oxygen with which the sun loads every breath we take, which makes all the difference between the joy of the out door sunshine and the chamber of midnight; and if we could but breathe this highly oxygenated air all the time, men would, other things being equal, double the time of life and still be young in heart and feeling at the age of a hundred years. But, most unfortunately, and not necessarily either, one clear third of our entire existence is spent in breathing a vitiated air, an atmosphere so full of heaviness and dust and odors of a close confined bedroom, as to exclude the more rarial oxygen, hence so many of us, and so often, wake up in the morning with a feeling of tiredness and unrest, that is absolutely distressing, instead of waking up to mirth and laughter and song; a very large part of domestic bickerings which poison the peace of families arise from the fact that the parents, having slept in an ill-ventilated apartment, have not been refreshed, their sleep has not rested them; every breath taken into the lungs was so impregnated with grosser impurities that it could not take in the more ethereal oxygen, whose office it is to absorb the impurities from the blood and carry them out of the system; hence both brain and body are depressed, the moral nature imbibes the evil influence, and both husband and wife wake up to carp, and complain and scold, dampening the spirits of the children, irritating the servants, making a veritable hell in a household which ought to have been a heaven. The importance then of sleeping in an air as pure as possible, socially, physically and morally, can scarcely be overrated; hence sleep in the highest, largest, best-lighted rooms in the house, with open fireplaces and a little fire burning during winter nights, no standing liquids, and with as little carpeting and furniture as possible, in short, an almost empty room, unpapered walls, hung with beautiful pictures, paintings and engravings calculated to elevate the mind, to purify the moral affections, and to give a direction to thoughts in the beginning of the day which shall pervade the whole character and conduct for good, until the pillow is reached again in the early evening.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ An old bachelor, at our elbow, says that the proper name for marriageable young ladies is "waiting maids."

☞ A Professor of Chemistry, while lecturing to a college class, said: "Gentlemen, oxygen is an invisible gas; *you see it in these bell-glasses.*"

☞ At the moment of the destruction of Pompeii by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, a theatrical representation was being given in the Amphitheatre. A speculator, named Longini, taking advantage of that historic reminiscence, has constructed a new theatre on the ruins, the opening of which he announces in the following terms: "After a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the theatre of this city will be reopened with 'La Figlia del Reggimento.' I solicit from the nobility and gentry a continuance of the favors constantly bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintius Tartarus, and beg to assure them that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management."

☞ Punch announces as the latest and best London conundrum: "If you saw the Great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure he wasn't a Tartar? Because he would evidently be *A Merry Khan.*

☞ Why is the endorser of a note called a surety? Because he is almost sure to have to pay it.

☞ If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

☞ NAVAL VICTORIES.—A French writer says that future naval victories will be won by the handling of vessels, ramming and smashing, rather than by gunnery. He thinks that monitors can be run over and crushed under water.

☞ Near one of the bridges in Paris, the American traveller will be astonished to see a neatly-dressed old lady, with a white cap on, sit at the corner before a little box, to black your shoes or brush your coat for a penny; and a correspondent declares that it is much pleasanter to present yourself to her than to those dirty, ragged, cursing little imps that black not only your shoes, but your stockings too, and then demand a fabulous price, as they will in any of our large cities.

☞ A story is told of a young man who was crossed in love and attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

☞ Dea. C. had an Irish girl who was decidedly verdant. The deacon was building a woodhouse on ground which enclosed a well. "And, shure," said the Milesian help, "are ye goin' to move the well?" Observing a smile on his face, she added, "Ah! what a big fool I be. Shure every drop of wather would run out movin' it!"

☞ A Frenchman in New Orleans proposes to light all the street lamps of the city simultaneously, by means of an electro-magnetic battery, operated by clock-work. When the sun gets up the clock runs down and the gas is out.

☞ The Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye mentions the case of a young man, an employe in the express office in that city, who, after his father's death, married his step-mother. Such cases are rare.

☞ Some eccentric genius broke into the treasurer's office at Wabash, Ind., one night last week, unlocked the safe and deposited twenty-five dollars in the cash drawer, leaving every thing else undisturbed.

☞ Recently, at an inquest held upon the body of a man who had died suddenly, and whose body was removed to the dead-house of St. Margaret's Parish, London, Mr. Hunt, the medical gentleman in the case, stated that in making the *post mortem* examination he found two pieces of ice inside the skull upon the substance of the brain.

GOING HOME.

Where are you going so fast, old man?
Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross and a river to ford,
There's a clasp of the hand and a parting word,
And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man;
The beautiful, vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man:
To your feet it's rugged and rough;
But you are a dear being with gentle eyes
Has shared your labor and sacrifice.
Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man;
For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you passed o'er the hill, old man;
Of life? o'er the top of the hill?
Were there beautiful valleys on the other side?
Were there flowers and trees, with their branches wide,
To shut off the heat of the sun, old man,—
The heat of the fervid sun?

And how did you cross the waves, old man,
Of sorrow,—the fearful waves?
Did you lay your treasures by, one by one,
With an aching heart and "God's will be done,"
Under the wayside dust, old man,—
In the grave 'neath the wayside dust?

There is sorrow and labor for all, old man;
Alas! there is sorrow for all;
And you, peradventure, have had your share,
For eighty long winters have whitened your hair,
And they've whitened your heart, as well, old man;
Thank God, your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man;
At last at the foot of the hill.
The sun has gone down in golden glow,
And the Heavenly City lies just below.
Go in through the pearly gate, old man,—
The beautiful pearly gate.

The Benefit of Being Knocked About in the World.

It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world," though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total enter life with a surplusage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home, but schoolboys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed in the position of a leader; if not, whatever his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall in with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can either be truly great or truly respectable who is vain, pompous and overbearing.

By this time the novice, having found his legitimate social status, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough, but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet; and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge.

Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for their boys to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

Fashion.

At a recent ball, given at Delmonico's, New York, a young and beautiful married lady appeared in one of the new fashioned ball dresses, which are now worn short, like the street dresses. The dress consisted of a pink silk underskirt, which just touched the top of the shoes, which were of pink kid, buttoned up over the ankle with white buttons. Over the pink silk was a shorter skirt, of white tulle, trimmed with pink satin pipings. The hair was dressed very high, and ornamented with a wreath of wild roses, the centre of each rose containing a diamond of great brilliancy. The dress was made by a Parisian dressmaker, and, it is needless to say, attracted a great deal of attention. Another very beautiful dress was a short skirt, of white tarleton, with a wide box plaiting on the bottom, and having an overskirt of blue satin, trimmed with pipings of white satin, which were studded through the centre with small pearl beads. The shoes were of blue satin, the same shade as the overskirt, and laced with a white cord and tassel. The gloves, which are now the fashion for evening wear, had a gauntlet of kid, which reached nearly to the elbow, and buttoned with a small gilt button.

A WEARY WAITING.—BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—At the Liverpool Assizes, the case of Greenhalgh vs. Hulton was brought up. The plaintiff, Henrietta Greenhalgh, is thirty-two years of age, the daughter of a small farmer, residing near Bolton, and she brought this action to recover damages against the defendant, Walter Hulton, a farmer of some means, and about fifty-six years of age, residing within one hundred yards of the plaintiff, for having refused to marry her after promising to do so. The plaintiff pleaded that she had always been ready to marry the defendant; that they had been engaged to each other for the past fourteen years; to which the latter answered that *a reasonable time had not elapsed;* that he had not refused to marry; and that the contract was rescinded by the agreement of the parties. After waiting a short time to ascertain whether the action was defended, Mr. Brett stated that a verdict had been consented to by the plaintiff for two hundred pounds sterling.

☞ AMPUTATION BY STEAM.—At a large military hospital, established in Breslau, on the Oder, in Silesia, by orders of the Prussian government, a secular saw, worked by steam, is to be used for the purpose of amputating such limbs of wounded soldiers as the surgeon shall direct to be taken off.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY COSMO

PERUVIAN TRADITIONS—INCA SOVEREIGNS MORTALS AND IMMORTALS—FAREWELL THAYANDEGA—THE NORTHERN SLOPE—A DEGENERATE RACE—PLAIN OF CUZCO.

Considering that, so far as we could learn, not ten white men of any nation had ever visited the Moniens before ourselves, and that no missionary of any religion had ever been permitted the slightest intercourse with them; they were possessed of many traditions and legends, some of them a thousand times more difficult to account for satisfactorily, than was their prismatic, monumental shaft.

Having no written language, a great many of their traditions are vague and disconnected—nothing in any of them, very far consecutive, not even in their more modern history. They have a traditionary legend that many thousands of years ago, ages before Peru existed, the whole surface of the earth was a vast level plain, without seas, or mountains, densely peopled, and producing a profusion of beautiful flowers, and all fruits and grains good for food. But mankind became very wicked, slaying and destroying each other, until at length the great Sun deity in his anger hid his face, and there was darkness, and great masses of water came from the sky, covering all the earth, destroying all flesh save one good man and his household, whom the sun had taught to build a great ship, in which, with some of all the birds and animals that live upon land, the good man and his family of many persons, floated a long time over a world that was all sea.

Then the waters began to subside into separate seas, and land appearing, the good man and part of his family and many animals went out of the ship. But some of the people, and many kinds of animals and birds remained, and were floated away further, and finally found a landing place in a country that many ages afterwards became Peru.

Another of their traditions is to the effect that in a far off country there was a mighty Inca whom the sun commanded to build a temple more magnificent than any that had ever been reared, and directed him also to send ships to Peru, for gold, and precious woods, and workmen to assist in the construction of the sun temple.

The great Peruvian Inca, Marcalla, freighted his brother sovereign's ships with gold, fine woods and many cunning workmen, who, when they returned after many years to Peru, told Marcalla such wonderful stories of the magnificence of the mighty temple they had assisted to build far away towards the rising sun, that the Inca vowed to rear its equal in the West. So dispatching many ships, he brought from a far country the vast blocks of stone of which the massive walls of the immense sun temple at Cuzco are constructed.

Afterwards mankind relapsed into wickedness, and the great Sun, to reclaim them, sent his Son down from the sky. But instead of heeding his teachings, they scoffed at and reviled, and finally nailed him fast to a tree where he suffered a death of terrible agony. At this wicked treatment of his Son, the great source of light hid his face, and then afterwards dispersed the wicked people who had murdered his Son, over the surface of the whole earth.

Coming to a history of their own country, the Moniens have a tradition that is in itself an anachronism, inasmuch as makes *Monica* the first sovereign of Peru, and the founder of the sun-temple at Cuzco, which the other tradition just referred to, makes the work of Marcalla.

They claim that their first Inca, *Monica*, was a white man, and born of the waters of Lake Titicaca, but a mortal. That his wife, their first empress, and also the first priestess of the sun, was named *Thayandega*, white also, and immortal, Monica having drawn her from the depths of the sacred lake in the valley of the sun.

Their tradition has it that Monica taught the men of Peru all the arts and sciences, and also agriculture, while Thayandega instructed the women in all domestic duties, teaching them also to spin and weave, and manufacture such beautiful fabrics as clad the priests and vestal virgins of the sun-temples, and so astonished the first Spanish invaders, who had looked to find in the Peruvians a race of ignorant barbarians, sunk low in savage beastliness.

Monica, it is said, after having completed the great temple at Cuzco, and tutored twelve thousand of his subjects in the art of war, invoked the aid of his tutelar deity, and rapidly subjecting the adjoining and all surrounding nations, converting them to the worship of the sun, established the vast Peruvian Empire. At his death, which occurred at a great age, *Thayandega*, who being immortal, was still young and beautiful, had his body conveyed to the sacred Sun Valley, and by a magnificent golden barge, to the centre of the mystic lake, addressed her people, who were assembled in many thousands all around the glittering shores, leaving the empire to her son *Huamata*, and promising that after many ages she would return to them, bringing with her their dead sovereign, Monica, restored to life and youth, and made immortal. Then clasping the body of her husband in her arms, *Thayandega* plunged into the lake and disappeared.

After the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards, the ancestors of these modern Moniens, most of whom were direct descendants of Monica and Thayandega, retired to this lovely secluded valley, where they established themselves, building a town, erecting a temple, maintaining all the customs and religious rites of their ancestors, worshipping, and sacrificing to the sun, after the manner of the ancient Peruvians.

Whether or not there be anything of reliable history in the vague, nonconsecutive traditions and legends, there are certainly, taking divers circumstances into consideration, coinciding features that make the question an interesting one, worthy, it would seem, of a close, and more general investigation. Who knows but what some day it may be determined conclusively that ancient Peru was the Ophir to which Solomon sent his ships on their three years' voyages after gold? The Peruvian tradition of the building of the great temple in the East, together with the fact that the dialect of these Moniens, which is not the *Quechie* of Peru, but the language of the ancient Incas, contains so many words evidently of Hebrew origin, that Her Von Platon, our Swedish *savant*, himself a profound Hebrew scholar, was enabled to communicate quite cleverly with the Moniens by putting together his Hebrew and small stock of *Quechie*—taken jointly into consideration, would seem to favor a conclusion that there must at some period have been an intercourse between the two people located on opposite sides of the globe.

In the future, if permitted to investigate and explore carefully the extensive ruins of the once magnificent sun-temples at Cuzco and Tumbez, and also the ancient tumuli and bone-caves in the neighborhood of Arica and Ariquipe in Peru, we shall find testimony difficult to set aside, going a great way to prove that there has been a period in the earlier days of the Peruvian empire when her people held large intercourse commercially with eastern nations of the old world.

A week of continued kindness and unremitting attention had made us so entirely at home and so well content, that could we have conquered our vagabond proclivities, we should as our next choice have selected as a permanent home and our realization of another Eden the superb and sacred Sun Valley of the Moniens. We would have been welcome. But our destiny lay in another, or, more correctly, in many other directions; and so, on the eighth morning after our arrival, having partaken of a sumptuous farewell feast, in accordance with the custom of all the native Peruvian tribes, we went to saddle with the blessings of the entire community, and turning our horses' heads due north we began the easy, rolling ascent that in a distance of ten or twelve leagues would bring us to the southern border of the great Plain of Cuzco.

It is a beautiful region—the slope to the northward of the valley of the sun—always rolling and undulating, but nowhere broken or difficult to traverse—in some places showing small patches of forests of beautiful trees, then wide rolling savannahs, clad in luxuriant herbage and a profusion of flowers in varieties almost endless. Here and there were cultivated corners, bearing maize, millet, wheat, *manioc*, melons, and delicious fruits of both tropical and temperate zones. All this slope, as well as the larger portion of the great plateau, is sparsely inhabited by a sort of hybrid aboriginal race, claiming also to be of Inca lineage, but miserable vagabonds, living a semi-pastoral life, their habitations wretched *adobe* or bamboo huts, little superior to the kraal of the Hottentot. In all moral and physical characteristics these Peruvian nomads are infinitely inferior to their relatives in some uncertain degree of the valleys Dulce and Thayandega, with whom they have no communications of any kind.

The great plain of Cuzco, though it presents no features particularly attractive to the traveller, nor has any objects of sufficient interest to make a circumstantial description, however well given, anything more than barely readable, ought nevertheless to be added to the list of the world's wonders.

A vast, elevated plateau, embracing an area greater than that of the State of Pennsylvania, having a rim all around it of evident volcanic formation, the basin itself being an almost unbroken level, bearing no surface indications of the slightest connection, either in the present or past, with any volcanic action. On the contrary, exhibiting so many evidences of primitive creation that philosophy stands at fault, popular theories are confounded, and geological science says, half hesitating, "Here is a vast, elevated plain of primary material lifted up from the ocean level in an unbroken sheet by some mighty internal force."

Some geographers, both political and physical, have neglected to make mention at all of the great plain of Cuzco. Others have either coupled or confounded it with the basin of Titticaca and the great southeastern Andean desert, called by the Spaniards *Despoblado* (uninhabited.) This last is an error that our geographers would do well to correct in their next editions. The basin of Titticaca contains the lake of that name, which occupies more than half its entire area, connecting on the south with the *Despoblado* region, which stretches away southwardly towards Ovura, leaving the ancient city of La Paz on its eastern skirt.

The southeastern extremity of the great plain of Cuzco lies about on the line between Bolivia and Peru, northwest from the base of Mt. Sorato some fifteen leagues, and directly north of Lake Titticaca. The form of the plain is like that of a perfectly shaped pear, the larger diameter being in a direction northwest and southeast—about two hundred miles—the greatest width at about twenty leagues from its southeastern limits being in the neighborhood of one hundred miles. The city of Cuzco is situated on the extreme northeast verge of the plain, about sixty miles southeastwardly from the point where the two Andean spurs, that dividing in the latitude of nineteen south, enclose all this series of elevated plains and plateaus, meet again in the latitude of fourteen, terminating there that division of the great chain and the elevated plateau system.

At noon we passed the Bolivian frontier, and at three P. M. we went to our field dinner, some five leagues within the territory of Peru. During dinner, we further discussed an argument that had been actively going on ever since we entered upon the plain, the question being the probable origin, formation or early condition of the great plain. The division of opinion was about equal, some contending that the plateau had been built up of primitive material, just as we found it, and that the volcanic rim had bubbled up and cooled off all around it when all the Andean volcanic regions were in a fused state. Others of us argued that the whole plain was lifted up to its present position by some prodigious underlying power.

Kate O'Harra finally suggested that as none of us knew anything about it, or were ever likely to, there would be ten times more sense and profit in discussing our dinner and things we could understand. We voted that Kate was right, and forthwith postponed all further discussion of the plain of Cuzco to some indefinite future period.

IN REPLY to an inquiry excited by certain newspaper paragraphs, Theodore Tilton writes as follows:—

OTTAWA, Ill., Jan. 21, 1867.

My Dear Sir—In reply to your kind inquiry whether the story be indeed true that I am to marry my pleasant friend, Miss Anna Dickinson, permit me just to mention (what must suffice for the present) that in this, as in every other important matter, I am bound by a rule which I have observed for now nearly eleven years, and that is not to take a conclusive action without the advice of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, a very sensible woman, and the wife of yours truly,

THEODORE TILTON.

☞ A lady in Ch'o, travelling in a railroad car, *with one of her feet out of the window*, had her leg torn off in crossing a bridge.

Let the Forgiven Fear.

A soldier whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said,—

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that?" was the answer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion.

He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have decided to forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired; to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the queen's colors. In him kindness bent one whom harshness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and, forgiven, ever afterward feared to offend.

The Doctor.

Every body knows the doctor; a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour, which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next. When we are well we perhaps think little about the doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells—let any of its wheels go wrong—then off we fly to him. If the mother thinks her husband or child dying, how she runs to him and urges him with her tears! How she watches his face and follows his searching eye as he examines the dear sufferer! How she wonders what he thinks! What would she give to know what he knows? How she wearies for his visit! How a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her husband or darling child. The doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows; some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows! How many lives and hearts he carries in his heart and in his hands! So you see he is a very important person, the doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves.

Novel Mode of Managing a Restive Horse.

On Saturday last a groom, mounted on a high-mettled hunter, entered the High street of Coldstream, and, when opposite Sir John Majoribank's monument, the horse began to plunge and rear to a fearful extent, swerving to the right and then to the left, but go forward he would not, nor could all the exertions of the groom overcome his obstinacy. The street was filled with people expecting to see the animal destroy himself on the spikes of the iron railing around the monument, when Mr. McDougal, saddler, walked up to the groom, and said: "I think, my man, you are not taking the proper method to make the horse go; allow me, if you please, to show you a trick worth knowing." "Well," says the groom, "if you can make him go, it's more than I can;" when Mr. McDougal took a piece of whipcord, which he tied with a firm knot on the end of the animal's ear, which he bent gently down, fastening the end of the string to the cheek-buckle of the bridle, which done, he patted the horse's neck once or twice, and said, "Now, let me see you go quietly home like a good horse," and, astonishing to relate, it moved off as gently as if nothing had happened. Mr. McDougal says he has seen, in London, horses which no manner of force could make go, while this mild treatment was always successful. —*Kelso Chronicle.*

Importance of Bulk in Feed.

Although the presence of a sufficient quantity of nutritive matters in the feed is naturally the most fundamental matter for consideration, its bulk is scarcely less important. The function of digestion requires that the feed shall properly fill the stomach; and however large the supply of nutritive matters may be, their effect is imperfectly brought about if the feed be too small in bulk; and it actually becomes more valuable if diluted with woody fibre, or some other inert substance. On the other hand, if feed be too bulky, the sense of repletion causes the animal to cease eating long before it has obtained a sufficient supply of nutritive matter. It is most necessary, therefore, to study the bulk of the feed, and to consider how to fix the different substances in such a manner as to adjust the proportions of nutritive matter to their bulk. If we examine the nature of the mixed feeds most in vogue among feeders, it will most generally be found that very bulky feed is combined with another of opposite properties. Hence turnips, the most bulky of all kinds of feed, are used along with oil cake or bean meal; and if, from any circumstance, it becomes necessary to replace a large amount of turnips by the latter substance, the deficient bulk must be replaced by hay or straw.—*Prof. Anderson.*

☞ RELIGION AND CLEANLINESS.—Writes Henry Ward Beecher:—"I believe I could go to the Five Points and preach the Gospel with hope and assurance that some would be converted; but if any were converted, the first sign that I should look for would be that they would wash and shave. I should expect that the first thing they would want would be another window, that they might get a draught of air into their attics. I do not believe I should be able to make good Christians that would not backslide, if they continued in filth and without air."

Poison for Whales.

"Galegnini" says:—"A new method for catching whales has been tried with considerable success, science having contributed to its discovery. Our readers are well aware of the deadly effects of the Indian poison called curarh or woorali, concerning which we have often had occasion to record the most interesting experiments, especially in mentioning the attempts made to use it as a specific for lockjaw, its peculiar action consisting in relaxing the muscular system. Strychnine is a poison producing a contrary effect, the excessive contraction of the system, or, in other words, tetanus or lockjaw. It is a curious fact that by the conjunction of these two agents, so diametrically opposite in their effects, a poison is obtained that will kill almost instantly, if only administered in the dose of half a milligr. per kilo. of the animal to be subjected to its action, provided its weight do not exceed ten kilos. If larger, the dose must be proportionately increased. M. Thiercelin, the inventor of this poison, composes it by mixing a sal: of strychnine with one-twentieth of woorali. To apply it to whale-fishing, he makes the compound up into cartridges of thirty gms. (an ounce) each, which is enough to kill an animal of sixty thousand kilos. weight. Each cartridge is imbedded in the gunpowder contained in an explosive shell, which is fired off on the whale. In a late whale voyage, ten whales received such missiles, and all died within from four to eighteen minutes after the infliction of the wound. Out of these ten whales, six were cut up for blubber and whalebone. Their remains were handled by careless men, who frequently had scratches and sores on their skin, and yet not one of them suffered the slightest injury—a circumstance which shows that the poison cannot be transmitted from the fish to the men. Its poisonous action on the whale is, however, so great that, practically, the dose will have to be diminished, so that the death of the creature may not be so sudden. We should not forget to state that two out of the ten whales abovementioned were lost by one of the many accidents incident to whaling, and that two others were of a kind not worth fishing for."

Antidote for Poisons.

A plain farmer says:—"It is now more than twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me tell of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood: Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by the physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects, and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine, growing in the meadows, called ivy."

☞ According to the Boston Journal, the peculiar people of "the Hub" are returning to their old ways. It says that parties are now given to grown people which are announced on the cards as commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M., and terminating at 9 o'clock, P. M.

☞ A young man out West was intrusted with the money to bring his father home a good family-sewing machine. He carried off a neighbor's daughter to Chicago, married her, and brought her home, declaring she was the best family sewing-machine he could procure.

☞ People who brood over their sorrows are usually successful in hatching a numerous family.

☞ The Congregationalists of England have felt it incumbent formally to condemn the system of bribery which has been so prevalent during Parliamentary elections.

☞ "I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

☞ A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it's a *beau*."

☞ The Albany Evening Journal thinks it requires "more courage to be moderate than to be extravagant."

☞ A story is told of a good woman who visited the place in New York where, it was said, chickens were hatched and reared without hens. She was shown some drawers lined with cotton, where the eggs are kept warm with artificial heat. Turning away with great disgust, she exclaimed: "Is that all, hatching chickens out of *eggs!* Who could not hatch chickens out of *eggs!*"

☞ Gov. Andrew, in his address before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, said: "There is no error possible into which wise men have not at some time fallen, nor any wrong of which even good men have not at some time been guilty." This truth teaches us the obligation of charity.

☞ The Baton Rouge Comet gives an account of the death of a negro, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. The negro had been hunting wild hogs, and shot one, but the wound not proving mortal, a struggle took place. The Comet says: "The negro and hog were both found dead—the negro with his under jaw firmly held between the jaws of his formidable antagonist, whose upper teeth had penetrated within the negro's mouth, while its under teeth held fast to the chin of the poor darkey, who in this strange encounter proved both victor and victim."

☞ Spain has to live the life of the nineteenth century with the training of the sixteenth.

☞ I was once attending the Methodist church in our village when the minister for that year was to preach his last sermon before leaving. We all kneeled at prayer, when he began to beseech the Lord to send a minister to that people who should be the instrument of doing more good than he had ever been able to do. The congregation responded, most vociferously, "Amen!"

☞ "Sally, how do you like your new place; is it a religious family?" "Well, I rather guess it is—they always have beans on Sunday."

☞ Queer thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can-cel it, and if I can-cel it, I can't sell it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

Address

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Stewart, the drygoods millionaire, knowing that a certain article was rising, sent to a Boston merchant to buy up everything of the kind at the hub. He overlooked the putting up of his own prices, however, to correspond to the rise; the Bostonian found it out and bought half of Stewart's own stock at two cents a yard less than the market rates before the merchant prince found it out. Stewart had to buy his own goods at an advance.

☞ The last wife of Brigham Young is named Maria Folsom. Her former residence was at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is an imperious looking young beauty of the Grecian, rather than the Roman order, and is very imperious and jealous.

☞ A dinner was given, near Paris, recently, of which the principal dishes were shark, horse, dog, and rat.

☞ An innovation had been quite recently noticed in ladies' dresses, in Paris, jet ornaments having been replaced by amber.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull; about 4000 bbls sold in lots to the retailers and bakers at from $8@8.50 for superfine; $9@10.50 for extra; $11@12.50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $11.75@13.50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16.50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Good Wheat continues scarce and in good demand; 3000 bus Penna red sold at $2.70@3.05; 2000 bus Southern do at $3@3.20; 500 bus No 1 spring at $2.80, and small lots of white at from $3.25@3.40 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye is selling at $1.30@1.33 for Western and $1.36@1.37 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; 40,000 bus new yellow sold at 94@95c for Penna and 96@98c for Southern, and 2000 bus old do at $1.05@1.15 ₩ bus. Oats; 26,000 bus sold at 56@58c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues without any material change. Small sales are making at $21.25@21.50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 15@17c ₩ ℔ for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams; 12¼@13c for pickled do, 9@9½c for salt Shoulders; and 12½@13c ₩ ℔ for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Dressed Hogs are selling at $8.50@9 ₩ 100 ℔s. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for Western, and $21@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $32@34 ₩ bbl. Butter—Small sales are making at 20@35c for roll, 30@33c for dairy, and 15@30 ₩ ℔ for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 20@21c ₩ ℔ for New York factory. Eggs sell at 47@48c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been rather dull. About 900 bales of middlings sold in lots at from 32½@33c for Uplands, and 33½@34c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—The last sale of 1st No 1 Quercitron was at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—3000 ℔s of Yellow sold at 38½c ₩ ℔.

COAL continues dull; we quote White Ash at $5@5.25 and Red Ash at $5.25@5.50 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 9@9½c, and 10½@12c for Western. Sales Dried Peaches at 19@20c for halves; 16@17c for quarters, and 30@40c for pared.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ ℔.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in fair demand; 600 bus sold at $8.25@9 for fair to prime. Timothy sells at $3.75@4, and Flaxseed at $2.95@3.3 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2.70@2.75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—40,000 ℔s of city rendered sold at 11c, and country at 10½@10¾c ₩ ℔.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 120,000 ℔s sold, in lots, at from 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@75c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 45@55c for tub-washed; 40@45c for extra western pulled, and 31@37c ₩ ℔ for No. 1 western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 10@16½ cts ₩ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₩ ℔. 2600 Hogs sold at from $10,00@11,00 ₩ 100 ℔s.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

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Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of *January* a new story called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," were so eagerly read in our paper during the past year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from

OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS,

will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

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The Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

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Singular Musical Fact.

One of the most curious facts in the history of music is the change of key which the lapse of ages effects in the human "harp of a thousand strings." The principle which underlies this revolution, and which is probably the same as that which guides the mutations of literary fashion, is a subject for profound investigation. The facts in the case are briefly summed up by a recent writer in the North American Review:

"Historically, the tone and temper of every stage of culture and type of civilization are reflected in its music. It is well known that there is a great variety of keys, majors, minors, sharps, flats, etc., which are supposed to have a peculiar adaptation to the manifold moods of mankind; but the truth is, the musical ear of humanity changes, from age to age, so that the same key is employed at different periods for different purposes. The fact that G minor, in Schubert's 'Erlkonig,' is used to express a sentiment of heart-chilling horror, is no guaranty that it could be employed by a composer of the year 2000, to produce the same effect. Dorian music was in the key of D minor, but the firm and manly qualities which Aristotle and Athenæus attribute to it, belong, according to our feeling, rather to C major, the key of Phrygian music. Thus we have literally made a leap *a dorio ad phrygium.* To the ear of the eighteenth century, G major was a brilliant, ingratiating tone; and Kircher, in his 'Musurgia Universalis,' published in 1636, calls it *tonus voluptuosus;* by us, on the contrary, it is regarded as especially modest and *naive,* although a little frivolous. Before the time of Calvisius, who lived in the sixteenth century, C major was the love-tone; but it is in A major that Mozart's *Don Giovanni* declares his passion to *Zerlina.* In the seventeenth century, D minor was the tone of holy serenity; with Gluck and Mozart, it bears the stamp of brooding melancholy and dread, whereas, in Weber's 'Der Freischutz,' it is the voice of wild demoniac vengeance and triumph. The publication of Goethe's 'Werther' was followed by a morbid accumulation of sentimentality throughout all Europe, which gave rise to a multitude of love songs in the despairing, suicidal key of G minor; to such a degree is the music of any period a delicate pathometer, which detects the nature, and measures the intensity of its emotions. The eighteenth century preferred the voices which are most nearly tuned to the violin. The artificial and emasculated voice of the man who sang as if he had a small oboe in his throat, was thought to be peculiarly fit for rendering lyric and dramatic music. We give preference to the brighter tones of the flute, the clarionet, and the horn, to the splendor of burnished over that of molten gold. Tones and keys which, a century ago, were employed only to express the strongest emotions, are now applied on the most ordinary occasions; the spices and highly seasoned condiments of our ancestors have become our daily bread. This musical phenomenon corresponds also to the belief of some physiologists, that the average of human pulse has quickened about ten throbs per minute during the last half century; so that the fever-pulse of fifty years ago is the healthy working-pulse of to-day. This acceleration marks precisely the difference between a harp and a piano, between touching a string with a finger and hitting it with a hammer; and even our piano forte music is more forte than piano."

How to Produce Dyspepsia.

A few general directions must suffice. Have your food as rich as possible, eat as much and as often as possible, if you have time, taking as much seasoning as convenient. Of the usual meats, give the preference to pork, veal and sausages, rather than to beef and mutton. Never use chickens and turkeys when ducks, geese, &c., are at hand. Prefer eels, clams, lobsters and oily fish to plain cod and scaled fish. Of pastry, take the kinds that contain the most shortening, particularly lard, and the greatest amount of the spices and eggs, if thoroughly cooked. Never use stale bread when you can get the new, as it tastes the best. Never eat any coarse bread, since that does not produce costiveness, one of the principal causes of the favorite disease, dyspepsia. Drink as much tea (strong,) coffee, &c., with a generous supply of the "ardent," as possible, instead of milk, water, or any of the so-called milder drinks. Pursuing this course, you will be accommodated with dyspepsia, and gratify young physicians in quest of practice.

☞ "You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

☞ New Axiom—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

THEN AND NOW.

We were children together, he and I;
Oh, beautiful morning! how clear the sky!
We roamed together through wood and field,
We drank the perfume the wild flowers yield;
We crushed the buttercups under our tread,
And their gold-dust gilded the daisy red;
And we sat through sunsets red and rare—
With our faces lifted—our brown heads bare—
To catch the glory that rippled down
Over the meadow, and river, and town.

We watched the Tuscany roses bloom,
And the hyacinth full of faint perfume;
And we gathered anemones out of the cold,
And rare pond lilies with hearts of gold.
At night, on the swell of the breezy hill,
We sat and worshipped the twilight still;
And the whippowil sang in the darksome swamp,
And the full moon lit her blood-red lamp—
And we saw the purple flush of the day
Grow paler and paler, then fade away.

And when the stars came out in the sky,
And the katydid's voice rose clear and high,
And the cricket chirped in the hawthorne hedge,
And the musical river ran o'er the sedge,
And the mist rose white as the wintry snow,
And the elms in the breeze swayed to and fro—
We sat together, and hand in hand
We travelled together through dreamland—
We laid our plans for the coming time,
When the world would be perfect, and life sublime.

We said we would cross the eastern seas,
Smell India's spices and Araby's breeze—
Talk love together beneath the palms,
And stand in the silence of Italy's calms;
See sunsets pale from the Alpine heights—
In Norway behold the Northern Lights—
Climb sacred Sinai, and there in awe
Look down on the land the prophet saw,
And by Jerusalem's ruined towers
Deplore the wreck of her golden hours.

Oh, 'twas delicious—the rich plantains grew
And the creamy bananas were wet with the dew—
The amber oriole flashed through the flowers,
And the bulbul sang in the orange bowers;
And beneath the silver rain of the stars
We heard the tinkle of soft guitars.
Oh, the royal midnights; the calm, sweet days!
Oh, the langorous noons and the twilight haze!
The waves rippled lightly o'er that south sea—
And life was an Eden to him and to me.

Ah, it is over! this world is so cold!
The sunsets are sable—I miss the red gold—
The airs that sweep o'er me are chilly and damp—
The winds through the dead leaves relentlessly tramp;
The universe holds for me only a grave—
Where wild roses blossom and green willows wave;
I care not for southlands, with orange and palm—
I am heedless of Italy's breezes and balm—
For me all the light of the earth is so dim!
Heaven would not be heaven if absent from *him.*

Captain Angelo Bertani.

I was in Florence in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. That was a terribly hot summer all over Europe. In Florence the heat was very great; and I remained in the city all through the dog-days, instead of going to make a villeggiatura amongst the hills or by the seaside. For was not that the year of the Austro-Franco-Italian campaign? And did not every lover of Italy feel chained to the focus of news from the seat of war?

Late in September, when the nights were still warm and fine enough to allow of one's enjoying a cigar *al fresco,* I took the habit of going to the Bottegone every evening. The Bottegone is one of the most frequented cafés in Florence. It is in a central part of the city, on the great cathedral square, and in fine weather the pavement before its door is thronged of an evening with drinkers and smokers. For the Piazza del Duomo enjoys the benefit of whatever breeze may be stirring in the city. There is a legend to the effect that the Devil, having made an appointment to meet the wind there, stepped into the cathedral on his way to the rendezvous, having, says the irreverent fable, particular business with some of the canons. The business has detained the Devil ever since. And so, from that day to this, the wind has been wandering up and down on the piazza, vainly expecting to find the Devil.

I was alone in Florence, idle and observant. One young man, among the many frequenters of the Bottegone, I noticed for some weeks as a regular visitor. He had a tall, slender, gentleman-like figure, bright, dark southern eyes, and, though dressed in plain clothes, clearly had the bearing of a soldier. He always wore, pressed somewhat low over his brows, a soft felt hat, from which escaped on either side a luxuriant mass of hair, thick and waving, and as blue-black as the raven's wing. The old reason for disliking Dr. Fell is quite as potent, on occasions, for loving Dr. Fell; and, without being able to account for it to myself, I felt a strong attraction towards this young man. Our little tables outside the café stood side by side, and we naturally came to interchange small civilities, such as the proffer of a fusee, the loan of a newspaper, and so on. The first words I heard him utter betrayed, in their soft, sweet, lisping accents, that he was a Venetian. This circumstance heightened my interest in him, for the sympathy then felt for Venice in Italy was very deep, very tender, and very real.

He responded to my advances, and I came to know him. His name was Angelo Bertani; he was a captain in a regiment of the line, and had distinguished himself at Solferino, where he had received a flesh-wound in the thigh, on which fever and ague had supervened.

His quarters in Florence where on a steep bit of hill at the back of the Palazzo Pitti. The first time I made him a visit there was when he had been laid up for some few days. As I left the more frequented thoroughfares to mount the ascent, a strange sad silence took possession of the street. I might have been many miles away from a crowded city. The moon looked solemnly down on tall stone garden walls, and on the dusky cypress-trees that over-topped them. My measured footsteps echoed sharply on the flagged way. There was no other sound, except, at regular intervals, the peculiarly plaintive short cry of a little chit owl, calling to its mate. Arrived at the gate, I entered and mounted a long outer flight of steps, partly covered by arcades, to the first floor of a wide, rambling, old palazzo. A soldierly man, with a little brazen oil lamp in his hand, stepped out of a doorway and looked at me.

"You are the servant of the Captain Angelo Bertani?" said I,

"Yes, sir, I am Gabor," was the answer, in good Italian, but with a strong foreign accent.

"How is the Captain?"

"Not so well this evening, I fear, signor. He has been much depressed all day."

The old soldier gave me a scrutinising glance, and, seeming to be tolerably well satisfied with his inspection, made a military salute, and preceded me with his lamp along a stone corridor.

I experienced an inexplicable feeling as I walked down the echoing passage. I had no definite expectation; but I felt as though something strange were infallibly about to happen. Nothing at all strange did happen. I found Bertani lying on a sofa in his lofty vaulted room, with a shaded lamp on a little table at his back, and before him the glorious panorama of Florence, framed by the open window, and touched with the broad chiar'oscuro of the moonlight.

He received me more than graciously, with somewhat of the warmth of an old acquaintance. As such, indeed, he claimed me on the strength of our frequent meetings at the Bottegone. He looked haggard and suffering, but strikingly handsome, with his pale Titianesque face and black hair relieved by a Greek smoking-cap of crimson silk. I noticed that he wore this cap, as I had always seen him wear his felt hat, low on his brow.

We conversed freely. I asked if his wound were worse? He replied, it was troublesome, but nothing more, except that it reduced his strength terribly, and—combined with many hardships inseparable from his late service, poor food, and not enough of that—caused his nervous system to be much shaken by fever. He was charmed to see me (he assured me several times;) he took my visit as a very great kindness; he earnestly hoped that I would soon repeat it; and he said, in the winning Italian manner, that he found me very "simpatico," and I did him good.

Little faith as I had in my power to dispel any nervous fancies by which the young Venetian's mind might be secretly troubled, I was too much interested in him not to avail myself most gladly of the chance of improving our acquaintance. It was not long, therefore, before I repeated my visit. I was received with even more cordiality than on the first occasion, and speedily became the intimate friend of Captain Angelo Bertani. Youth forms its friendships rapidly, and there was a most engaging simplicity in Bertani's character. As I came to know him better, I was struck by the singular sweetness and serenity of his temper and manner. I found him uniformly placid and self-possessed. A tinge of melancholy hung about him, but no gloom. And how was it possible, I asked myself, for a patriotic Venetian to be gay and cheerful, when his country was cast beneath the heel of the Austrian at the moment when all hearts had been beating high with the hope of her deliverance?

"Bertani," said I to him one evening, after we had been sitting silent for a time, "don't you think it would be good for you to make a move southward? Surely a winter in Naples would do you good."

He smiled very slightly, and answered, "No."

"No? A taste of the sea breeze, well warmed by that southern sun, would set you up again."

He paused a moment, looking full in my face with his liquid bright eyes and answered, slowly, "Caromio, the sea breeze and the southern sun would not set me up again,—because nothing will ever set me up again."

There was something in the notion of his being a prey to a morbid delusion which shocked me inexpressibly—shocked me the more, in that his manner and conversation had always impressed me with a high opinion of the limpid clearness, if not the force, of his intellect. I began to try to prove to him the folly and weakness of giving way to a fancy that nothing would restore him. I talked myself into quite an excited state, and only paused at last, not from lack of arguments, but because my eloquence was chilled by his absolute silence and serenity. Bertani sat motionless, with his handsome head leaning back against the old tapestry-covered chair, and a look of patient sweetness on his face, which somehow seemed so incompatible with the weak despondency of which I was accusing him, that I felt ashamed to proceed.

"Forgive me," I said, suddenly, "if I presume too far on our brief acquaintance."

"Forgive you?" he cried and grasped my hand warmly. "My friend, I have nothing to forgive. I thank you, on the contrary, with all my heart. But do not mistake me when I say that nothing will ever set me up again. I do not believe that I shall die immediately. I hope to live yet a few years whilst there is work for my arm to do. When I say that nothing will ever set me up again, I say the simple truth, for all that. I shall never be the man I was—never, never."

He spoke quite placidly, and was even smiling, but there was something in the fixed look of his eye which filled me with an undefined and unaccountable terror.

I suppose he saw my face change, for he rose and stood opposite to me (we had been sitting side by side,) saying,

"No, no, no, my good friend. It is not *that.* Be at ease. I am as sane as you are. Listen. That you are good and true I do not doubt, and never have doubted since I first saw your face among the crowd at the Bottegone. You have told me since that you were singularly attracted by me. Well, it was a mutual attraction. If you have the patience to hear me out, I will tell you what I have never yet told any human being. Stay yet a moment. What I have to say is strange beyond all strangeness, perhaps, that you can imagine, but to me it is a deep and solemn reality; and to have it met with a scoff, or even a cold expression of incredulity would pain me to the heart without shaking my own conviction by one hair's breadth."

I assured Bertani that I was prepared to listen to what he would tell me with all respect; and after a minute he began:

"I am quite alone in the world. As far as I know, there remains no creature bound to me by ties of relationship. I was an only child. My father was a lawyer, but his practice was very small, and before I was ten years old it had dwindled away altogether, owing to the strong political opinions he held and professed. In the '48' no entreaties could prevent him from shouldering a musket and joining the volunteers, who responded with generous enthusiasm to the call of patriotism from all parts of Italy. He died in the early part of the following year, from the effects of fatigues to which he was unaccustomed, and which his age—for he had married late, and was advanced in years—rendered doubly trying. My mother and I were left literally destitute. In her distress she turned to a distant relative of my poor father's, with whom we had none of us been on speaking terms for many years. This man was a wealthy bachelor. He had been as prosperous in life as my father had been the reverse, and held a high position under the Austrian government in Venice. This alone would have been an unforgivable crime in my father's eyes. Then, besides, Pasquale Rosal—that was our cousin's name—was a bigoted and uncompromising Catholic, and an upholder of the Papacy in its worst and most despotic phases. To this man my mother appealed for help in her forlorn widowhood.

"I was then a boy between thirteen and fourteen years old, and Rosal offered to undertake the expense of my education, and to provide for my establishment in life, on the condition that he should be permitted to exercise supreme and unlimited authority over me; and that I should be separated from my mother, who was only to visit me at stated periods. Our circumstances were too desperate to permit my mother to hesitate. I was transferred from the gloomy silent dwelling in which my poor father had died to the wealthy and luxurious home of Pasquale Rosal. I believe this man intended and tried to do his duty by me. But his character was naturally stern and cold, and his narrow intellect warped by the harshest bigotry. I was expected unhesitatingly to accept his dictum upon every subject, and was compelled to listen to the severest condemnation of principles which I had been hitherto taught to hold sacred. You see I had been cradled and brought up in the midst of a circle of people the chief article of whose creed was hatred of the Austrian. Incredible as it may seem to you, after what I have said, the man I have loved best on this earth belonged to the nation of our detested rulers."

"He was an Austrian?"

"Yes; and I loved him. Ah, mio Dio, loved him! In my guardian's house, though my body was pampered, my heart was starved. My poor mother died within a twelvemonth of my father, and then I was desolate. Under these circumstances, is it surprising that when my cousin one day (I was little more than sixteen years old) announced his intention of sending me to the university at Vienna, I hailed the prospect as an escape from the dreary round of my daily life? I did not fully understand why he should send me to Germany. But I now conjecture that it may have been with a hope of *denationalizing* me as much as possible. For he designed me for the law, and it was my ambition to become a soldier in my country's glorious cause. Well, I went to Vienna, and warmth and light were shed into my loveless life by the friendship of Gustav von Hildesheim, a fellow-student. He was to me friend, companion, brother. The truest, noblest, dearest!"

Bertani paused and covered his eyes with his hand. I sat silent, not venturing to break in upon that sacred grief, even by a word. Presently he resumed, having thanked me for my silent sympathy by holding out his hand with a gesture full of grace and sympathy.

"If I could describe to you what Gustav was!" he said. "It was not merely my boyish love and admiration which invested him with heroic qualities. He was beloved by all who knew him. My elder by four years, the relations between us were, on his side, tender, protecting friendship; on mine, gratitude and devotion almost amounting to idolatry. He shone in all studies and accomplishments; surmounting difficulties with an ease which appeared marvellous to my duller brain. And he was ever ready to help me over rough places that I could never have surmounted without his aid. Gustav von Hildesheim belonged to a high and influential family, holding the most orthodox opinions in politics and religion. But the Abbé Walddorf, my priestly Mentor at the university, would have been aghast could he have heard the theories held by this scion of a noble Catholic house. Gustav had caught the infection of liberalism, which was then rife among the youth of Germany, and he had an especial sympathy and admiration for Italy. We used to sit and talk for hours of the future of my beloved Venice, and he confirmed and encouraged all the patriotic hopes and aspirations bequeathed to me by my father. Notice this especially:—he had a peculiar habit of passing his fingers through my hair, so as to raise up the thick curls from my forehead, as he listened to my stories of my father's career, and of our life at home.

"But we talked also of other and higher things. Gustav had a tendency to mysticism, and a national love for the marvellous. I used to listen, awe-struck, to his strange, dreamy speculations about a future state, and whether the spirits of the dead were permitted to hold communion with those they had loved while living.

"Nearly three years passed without my once revisiting Italy. I took counsel with Gustav, and, with his concurrence, I wrote explicitly to Rosal, confessing my dislike of, and unfitness for, the profession to which he had destined me, and begging him to permit me to follow that to which all my inclinations pointed. We awaited his reply anxiously, and meanwhile I had a serious trouble in the prospect of soon parting from Gustav. He had completed his course of study, and was about to leave Vienna for a distant part of the country.

"'I hope, my dear exile,' he said, smilingly, 'that I shall not be called away before your destiny is determined on. What will you do if Rosal should be inflexible?'

"'I have made up my mind what to do,' I answered. 'I shall run away and enlist in the army of the King of Sardinia. If my father were alive, it is what he would counsel.'

"'Enlist, Angelo mio, as a common soldier?' cried Gustav, stroking my hair in his accustomed manner.

"'Yes,' I answered; 'in that way I shall at least not disgrace myself, either as a man or an Italian.'

"The letter from Vienna came at last, and was more harsh than I had believed possible. Gustav and I held council together, deep into the night. On the morrow he was to leave Vienna. Finding my main determination not to be shaken or changed, 'At least,' said he, 'you will not refuse to share my purse for the present. You have told me I am as a brother to you. Do not deny me a brother's right to aid you now.' I hastily considered what was the smallest sum

that would take me across the Alps, and then told my friend that I would thankfully accept that sum from him as a loan. We agreed to write to each other, and formed many plans for a speedy meeting. All the manly dignity I tried to summon up could not repress the tears that gushed forth when Gustav took me in his arms for one last brotherly embrace, and passed his hand through my hair in the old caressing way. I clung to him as a child might cling, and sobbed upon his faithful breast. He cheered and soothed me with high words of hope, and noble aspiration, for the future. 'Heaven bless you, my Angelo! Courage, faith, patience! Remember my prophecy. You will live to see your Venice free and Italian. And we shall meet again—here or hereafter.'

"I never saw him more.

"Next morning, at daybreak, I left Vienna forever. I reached Turin, and there enlisted in a line regiment as a private soldier. I first saw service in the Crimea. Fortune favored me, and I was promoted from the ranks.

"I kept up a constant correspondence with Gustav; and, at one time, had great hopes of seeing him, for he wrote me word that he had been recommended to pass a winter in Italy. In the joy of looking forward to having him with me once more, I paid less heed than I should otherwise have done to the hint of ill-health which such a recommendation conveyed. He had looked strong, and bright, and blooming; the very incarnation of youthful health. But consumption lurked in his rosy cheek and bright blue eye, and soon the tidings came that a voyage to Egypt was considered the only chance of baffling the disease. I would have given worlds to see him before he left Europe; but my duty and my poverty combined to keep me at my post.

"The events of '58' and '59' are as familiar to you as to me. I won my company at San Martino. At Solferino—" As Bertani pronounced the word, a deadly pallor whitened his already pale face, and his eyes resumed that fixed gaze which had so startled me.

"— At Solferino my life was saved thus: I was in the thick of the battle where the fight raged hottest, and I had reached that state of furious excitement in which only the wild beast instinct of destruction seems to animate a man, when I felt a gentle pressure turn my head aside, and I felt ice-cold fingers passed lightly through my hair. At that same instant a bullet whistled past my ear. It passed so close to me that it seemed as if the difference of a hair's breadth would have buried it in my brain. *I knew then, and I know now, that the hand that saved me was Gustav's.* I recognized the touch of that hand, and the peculiar caress I had so often received from it, as instantly and certainly as though my friend had been standing bodily by my side; nor did I need the fatal news that came to me. Within six weeks I received a letter from Madame von Hildesheim, written (these were her words) in compliance with her son's last and most urgent request. *Gustav had died in Egypt, on the very day and at the very hour when I had felt his hand amidst my hair upon the battle field of Solferino.*"

Bertani's voice thrilled me in every nerve, and I shuddered. "Was that," I asked, "the only occasion on which you have experienced the mysterious touch?"

He answered, softly: "I felt it once again when I was lying sick in hospital, with the sabre-cut in my thigh, received that same day of Solferino. How I came by it I know not, for, after the hand had touched me, I remember nothing until I found myself stretched on a hospital pallet, with the surgeon dressing my wound. I got brain-fever after that, and was delirious, they tell me. One night as I opened my aching eyes to stare at the dull flicker from the lamp that wavered on the whitewashed ceiling, I felt the cold soft fingers stroke my hair, and immediately a tight hot band of pain seemed loosened from my temples, and I slept. Next day I awoke—weak, it is true, but refreshed and free from fever. My time was not yet come."

"Granted that all this was so," I urged, "why should you despond, and say that you are never again to be the man you were? This beneficent hand has brought you nothing but good."

"True," returned Bertani, "true. And you rightly call it a beneficent hand. But the next time I feel its touch it will summon me away, to join my friend in the awful spirit-world."

"Why should you think so?"

"I do not *think* it," he answered. "I know it. I have an assurance within me that the third touch of that dear dead hand will convey my death-signal. Look!" he now added, bending forward; "those spirit-fingers have left a visible trace behind them."

He removed the crimson smoking-cap he always wore, and then I saw, running from brow to crown, in startling contrast with the raven blackness of the rest, one streak of hair about a finger's breadth, as white as driven snow.

Towards the end of this present year of grace 1866, when the Italian troops made their entry into Venice, I was there, one of many strangers. Bertani was there too, and I saw him among a brilliant knot of distinguished officers. Next morning, when his servant went to call him, he was found dead in his bed. It was at the moment of my coming up the staircase that Gabor (a Hungarian, and I believe a deserter from the Austrians) rushed out with the cry, "Death, death, death!" upon his lips.

We went into the solemn room together. Captain Angelo Bertani lay peacefully on his pillow, with a smile on his face, and his hair all pushed back from his brow, as if his mother's hand had soothed him to sleep.

I felt a thrill of terror at the sight. But I forbore to speak of the mystery to the Hungarian soldier, and I held the hand of my old friend to my breast in silence.

A Buffalo Objectionable.—A verdant Englishman, stopping at the Brevoort the other day, who had never had a sleigh-ride in this country, or any other perhaps, went to the stables of the hotel for "a nice thing, you know—something dashy;" and the proprietor ordered the hostlers to give the gentleman "a new cutter, with the bay mare and a large buffalo."

"Oh, no, none of that now, my dear fellah. None of your American jokes on me, you know. I'm not much used to that sort of thing, you see. I know you're a strange set of people out here. But never mind the buffalo. Just leave that hanimal out, and give me an 'orse by 'imself. He'll answer. Keep your blamed buffalo for one of your own Yankees."

☞ The oldest deaf and dumb asylum in the world—the grave.

A ROSE WRAITH.

It was the sweetest rose, the loveliest
In all his garden he could find.
He brought it, saying, "Darling, leave your quest
Of knowledge for a little while, and rest,
Knowing that Nature taocheth best."
Well might he speak, for, blind
To deep delight he knew so well, I was
Working for ever to find out the cause
Of things I saw, and with cold eyes
I sought to read close-folden mysteries,
Forgetting Love, not Knowledge, maketh wise.

I took his rose, and laid it on my mouth.
For one sweet hour I was a girl again;
Forgot my theories, formed at cost and pain,
And all I had gone through for knowledge's sake.
The flower's rich odor, like the soul of wine,
Entered this soul of mine,
And quenched its desperate drought:
My very brow grew smooth
While drops of spray tossed from the Fount of Youth.

But, woe is me!
I pulled the petals of my rose aside;
With fingers most untender tore apart
The crimson veil that veiled its golden heart;
I saw the gold—but ah! the flower died!
And he looked sad at my destroying fingers,
As, all unwomanly, in pride,
"Away with ignorance," I cried,
"*My* flowers shall be all knowledge-bringers.
Of what avail man's joy, unless he knows
Its why and wherefore?" But my lover sighed,
"Ah, Elsie! you have killed my rose."

And never a word more of love he speaks,
But talks of systems, and of Nature's laws,
And of effect and cause,
As learned men talk unto learned men,
And my heart well-nigh breaks.
Oh, might I be a woman once again!
Oh, cruel hand, that tore the rose in twain,
You may fling down your pen,
For you will never write such heart-deep songs
Of human love, for human tongues
To sing, that all men's hearts shall beat the fastes.
Alas! the thorn-crowned Master
Will look with sadder eyes than his I grieved
On me, because my garden is dead-leaved.

Oh, summer wind, that brings such melody!
Oh, sunlight, dripping gold upon the river!
The wraith of that sweet rose I killed
Is with me, it will leave me never, never!
For every place is with its presence filled.
Oh, weary day, whereon my hand flung down
Of woman's life the crown,
And robbed my brow of its true gold for ever!

The First Grenadier of France.

For many a year there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and raising his hand to his cap, said proudly:

"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirit of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life that honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but, finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of eight thousand men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the first grenadier of France.

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than his career in general.

When he was forty years of age he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there, he was busy in acquainting himself with the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him, and while here the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had suddenly shifted to that quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there found the tower in a perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized with a panic thereat and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this, he loaded all the guns he could find and placed them together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop-holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he sat heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick, short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, he supposed the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait till daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning, so half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there was a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meantime La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprised accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he had never thrown away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its manœuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian colonel rode up to him and asked in French, why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had the honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then, raising his cap, he said warmly:

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying he preferred to remain where he was.

The brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen in June, 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at roll-call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

Calumny.—Take a great, illustrious revenge on your calumniators, by seeking to do better; constrain them to silence by your excellence; this is the true road to triumph. If you take other—if you plead your cause, justify yourself, or make reprisals—you open for yourself a store of woes, and you lose the tranquillity which you require for your work, and the time in disputing which should have been consecrated to labor.

☞ An Irishman passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* lying down, and *one* of them only standing up, that *one* is sure to be the bull."

☞ A little girl in school being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was "hair wrapped around her dad's old stocking." The teacher and scholars were considerably enlightened.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SOUTHBOURNE POST.

The post came in at Southbourne just at the hour when Miss Ursula and her niece were accustomed to sit down to a breakfast-table set well within view of the glancing waves, of the pebbly strand, and of the cliffs, over which the morning shadows stole, changing them from gray to white, and from white to gray again.

And one morning, about ten days after that brief visit from Captain Thynne, the post came in as usual, and brought two letters and a packet, all addressed to Miss Armytage, and all in strange, unknown handwritings. Miss Ursula's postal experiences had multiplied wonderfully since the days when a letter was an event in her cottage home, and a strange handwriting had long since ceased to be significant. Nevertheless, the force of habit and of association caused her still to regard the postal arrival with something of the old vague expectation and interest. And on the morning in question she paused in the act of filling her coffee-cup, and turned over and over again the three missives just delivered, even as we saw her do in the old days, when a fortune was lurking under the envelope.

"A queer little packet," she remarked, smiling over at Olive, who smiled back again. For, since that day when Gerald had poured out his incoherent confession at her feet, Olive had revived. Life had been just on the point of proving too strong for her; sinking in the hard battle, overborne by irresistible forces, the cry of victory sounded in her fainting ears, and she came out of the deadly *mêlée* clasping tightly the standard from which fluttered the torn and battered rags she had so hardly saved. Trembling and incoherent as Gerald's words were, she knew that they were true. There remained the grief, the horror, the uncertainty which had brought her so low, but her lover was justified to her heart, and thenceforth life held something which was worth the struggle to come back to it. The world might wonder, and sneer, and disbelieve, but its sneers and disbelief could never touch the deep content that lay like healing balm upon her wounded spirit.

Not that she looked for any further results than the glad exultant thought which quickened her languid pulses to more healthful action, that beneath his seeming falseness he was true. In the few words which had passed between Miss Ursula and herself on the subject—words of tenderness and sympathy, for the elder woman was as glad in her heart as the younger one—she had entirely acquiesced in the fiat of silence and separation which the former had pronounced; there could be none other, she knew, but she was more than content, and she grew stronger day by day, and even learned to smile again, as she did at Miss Ursula's novel consignment.

A queer little packet it certainly was, done up in thick brown paper, closed at all ends with a reckless disregard of the economy of book-post, sealed in nearly a dozen places, and addressed in a scrawling, irregular hand to—

"Miss Armytage,
"Armytage Hall,
"Estwick,
"——shire"

—which address was corrected by a neat corner inscription in Mrs. Gaythora's stiff penmanship—

"9, Marine Terrace,
"Southbourne."

One of the letters bore exactly the same superscription and correction, the other had come direct from the writer. A little pink flush mounted up into Olive's cheek as she glanced over at this last, but it faded as she, in her turn, examined the seal and handwriting.

"There's a great deal of reading here, Aunt Ursula," she said, weighing the packet on the tips of her fingers. "I wonder what it is. I shall mount guard over it until you have made what I consider a satisfactory breakfast; it won't do for your coffee and egg to be sent away cold and untouched, as they were yesterday morning. The post ought to come in half-an-hour later; but, as I suppose the mountain won't come to Mahomet, we might breakfast half-an-hour earlier, and so save your appetite and poor Mrs. Winter's discomfiture."

"Neither my appetite nor Mrs. Winter has suffered from my impatience this morning, at all events," said Miss Ursula, as she put aside her empty cup and plate and took up the first letter, and read, to her great astonishment, the following strange production:—

"Honored Madam,—I am sure I don't no how to sit down and tel you wat as happined, and you in such trubble, to, as I see by the penny papers; but rite is rite, as I said to John, and don't let us go to make bad wurse. And john he is of my mind, to, for he is a respectibul, uprite man as ever lived, tho' I say it as shuldn't, for all that he mad a mistak this time, wich he says never happined to him befour. And now, honored madam, I must tel you how it happined, and the truth of it, as you will believe, I hope and truet. My husband is river pillot, and last month, the 14th, he says, he came down from Gravesend with the Albion steamship, bound for Australia. Sum ladys and genteimen, wen he was coming of, gave him letters to post as soon as he got ashore, wich he did all but won parsel, and that sliped his memory, because he was waring a new coat with a secont inside pocket, wich my pore husband were not used to, and so your letters, madam, was forgott wen all the others was posted. John says it were on account of the pockit, wich he were not used to. And sins that time, john he as been lade up, and culdn't go out till yesterday, wen, as I was brushing his coat, I com upon sumthing hard, and found out your letters. And I am sure I beg you a thousan parduns, honored madam, and so dus john, and he dunn't no how to bare himself til you send your forgiveness, sins you see, madam, be ment no harm, and he says the times upon times that he has took letters ashore for passengers and never such a thing happined befour. And we hope no serus ill-convenence as com through this mistak, wich is all thro' the new coat, and john not aving got used to the pockit.

"i remane, madam,
"Your humbel servant,
"Martha Snelgrove.

"*Beach Street, Deal,*
September the 29."

Miss Ursula looked puzzled enough as she handed Mrs. Snelgrove's epistolatory effort to Olive, and betook herself for the solving of the riddle to the "parsel," which was evidently the subject of the good woman's apology. But as the last seal gave way and the outside cover rolled off, a cry broke from Miss Ursula's lips which brought Olive in an instant to her side. And the cheeks of both blanched, and their hands trembled as if they had seen a spirit, for the address on the inner envelope was in the familiar handwriting of Claris!

"*S.S. Albion, August* 16*th*, 18—.

"My Dearest Aunt"—(this was what Claris wrote),—"I hope this will reach you in good time to relieve the anxiety which I have not been able to avoid making you suffer. When I tell you that this anxiety is the only regret I have in connection with the step I have taken, I am quite sure that you, my darling mother-aunt, who have always been so tenderly and sweetly solicitous for the welfare and happiness of your adopted children, will pardon me, and give me those good wishes and congratulations which I dared not ask sooner. I am married, dear aunt Ursula—turn to the last page of this letter and you will see to whom. I have chosen for myself, and in carrying out my choice I have had to defy the world's opinion, and to keep even *you* in ignorance of the truth. My previous engagement—so publicly announced, and supported by such powerful influence, together with Colonel St. Maur's uncertain prospects, dependent, indeed, upon that very influence—made, as you will easily understand, this secrecy absolutely necessary. I suppose there are some who will blame me: they are welcome. I could not afford to sacrifice a real feeling to the opinion of the world—no true woman would—and I am satisfied with my decision.

"But I owe you, my dear aunt, every explanation, for my plans—in consequence of my peculiar position—required much careful diplomacy that you will be at a loss to trace the steps by which I have arrived at my present dignity as wife of a governor, and wife to the only man with whom I could be happy. Gerald must forgive me. I am really sorry for his disappointment, for he loved me, I know; but I wanted a more manly love than his puling devotion. It is all very well to be worshipped and waited upon, it is pleasant enough in its way; but it is necessary to me to have something to worship on my own account (you would not suspect it of me, I know), and I have found this in Colonel St. Maur. Tell Gerald from me that I have done him no *real* wrong, and that I shall be very glad to hear that he is happy in a more appreciative love than mine would ever have been.

"And the dear, kind duke. He *must* forgive me, and he *will*, I think. If I availed myself of a certain misconception on his part, if I willfully continued the game of cross purposes at which we played together, in order to gain for my husband the position his merits really deserved, the duke will see it all now in the right light, and he will be the first to acknowledge that all is fair in love as well as in war. He and the country owe me something, I shall always maintain, for having helped them to reward a brave soldier, and to put the right man in the right place. I shall write to the duchess by the first opportunity; and I shall leave you, dear Aunt Ursula, to set me right with Lady Arthur.

"And now let me tell you all the particulars of this most romantic adventure. It is now nearly twelve months since Douglas St. Maur and myself first became conscious of that mutual attraction which has proved our fate. It was in Paris during your illness, but I was bound by my engagement to Gerald, and he was without the position and means which would enable him to break through this barrier. There was only one way of possible extrication—through the duke's influence. I brought all the powers of my brain to the task, and you will give me the credit of having brought it to a triumphant success. The most profound secrecy was absolutely necessary, and we had neither of us any *confidants*. In my frequent visits to town during the summer we met and made all our arrangements unknown even to the Bohuns. It was only on the third day before the Albion was to take out the new governor, the 11th, last Saturday, which you will remember I spent in town, that we were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, with Isabel Bohun, only taken into our confidence half-an-hour before, my husband's aide-de-camp Captain Sartoris, and my new maid, as witnesses and attendants. My trousseau and outfit, which I had prepared in town, and for which you will receive the bills at the end of this month, were all sent on board the same evening in charge of the maid. I returned to Armytage to await the day of departure. The torture of suspense I endured during those three days lest Gerald should return in the meantime, you can easily imagine; it was so essential for my husband's sake that no announcement of our marriage should be made before we had entirely left England. But all worked well for us, save Olive's suspicion at the last moment—although that by no means reached the truth—which I was afraid might bring on a discovery. By chance there, however, was that there was no time for Olive to confirm her suspicions—our plans were all arranged for the same night. A carriage and one horse, driven by the colonel's valet, waited just beyond the North Lodge, whilst the colonel himself met me at the stone basin on the lower lawn. I did not think it safe that he should come nearer the house, for the nights, though dark, were still, and a footfall might have been easily heard. And now comes the most startling and critical part of the story. Did you know that you had a heroine in the family? I am enrolled as such ever since that night. I fancy I have some of the old Armytage blood in my veins; at all events, looking back upon that episode, I congratulate myself that I behaved beautifully. I had always plenty of nerve and self-command, you know, and although Olive is never likely to have the same need of them, I certainly advise her to cultivate both more than she has hitherto done. Well! I had disposed my jewels, which I desired to keep in my own hands, in a small casket, less heavy and cumbersome than my dressing-case, and with this in my hand, and duly equipped, I was just leaving the garden bower (you will understand now why I removed to that more convenient point of departure), when lo! on the threshold stood a man. I thought at first that it was St. Maur, but as he came forward towards the light, I saw that it was a stranger, a horrid, ruffianly creature, and I nearly screamed—happily not *quite*. I remembered that the Albion was to start at six o'clock in the morning, and that if I roused the house she would have to go without me, so I turned valiantly towards the wretch and asked him what he wanted.

"'Money,' he said savagely.

"'See here,' I said to him, 'the servants are all close by; at my first call they will come to me; here are a couple of sovereigns; take them, and go away.'

"But as I opened my purse he snatched the whole from me. I had the fifty pounds which I had drawn from the Estwick bank that day and some loose sovereigns in it. I commanded him to give it me back, threatening to rouse the ser-

vants, &c; but he only grinned at me in an insolent manner.

"'I tell you what,' he said, 'you don't want no noise; no more do I. Give me the box you're holding under your arm, and I'll go away quiet, and you can go to the gent as is waiting for you on the grass there.'

"He had seen him, then. But this reminded me how near my protector was, and gave me fresh courage. I must let the money go, but I would save my jewels. If by a desperate effort I could pass him, in one minute I should be safe. I was leaning one hand on the dressing-table: it touched something; I looked down and saw that it was Olive's little Persian dagger, which I had taken from her cabinet two or three days before, and secreted in my room, because I had had a timid feeling the night before, and thought I might perhaps frighten away a midnight robber with it. It looks now like an inspiration! With this in one hand, and my precious casket in the other, I seized my opportunity and sprang past the ruffian. But he caught me by the skirt of my dress.

"'Give me the box first,' he said.

"There was no time to be lost. I turned in desperation.

"'Let me go!' I said, showing him the dagger, 'or I will stab you!'

"There was a sort of struggle between us for a moment, and my precious casket dropped to the ground; the lock gave way, and the duke's pearls rolled out. I stooped, and the creature did the same, but he was before me, and secured the prize. I struck at his hand, and must have wounded him, for he let the casket go, swearing dreadfully. I huddled the box, pearls and all, into my shawl, and managed to reach the door, threatening him with my weapon as I did so. How little either Olive or I ever imagined that the little thing would ever be put to such a desperate use! (By the way, I threw it away afterwards. I hope some one will find it and take it back to Olive.) He followed me, but, stumbling over the door-step, lost his balance, and fell heavily amongst the shrubs outside. I rushed past him as he lay, and arrived, panting and exhausted, at the place where St. Maur was impatiently awaiting me. How I got through it all I cannot tell, and how it was that Jervis or some of the other servants did not hear the noise, I cannot now imagine, but so it was, and I have lost fifty-seven pounds and two of my pearls—only two most luckily, for I found, as soon as I had leisure to examine, that the string had given way, and it was a great wonder they had not all been scattered. We drove to Corhampton to take the train on the other line of railway, where we were sure of not being recognized, and the man drove on to town, after resting the horse, to leave the animal and vehicle at the stables from which they had been hired. He is to join us at Deal. You will see that our plans were all deeply and well laid as well as courageously carried out.

"We were received on board with the greatest respect and attention. My cabin is splendidly fitted up, and I look forward to the voyage as a novel and pleasant experience. The Albion is a fine vessel, and the captain expects to make the passage in fifty days. There may be an opportunity of writing to you by a passing ship, but in any case you shall hear by the first mail after we land a full account of all that has occurred—our reception abroad, our colonial home, and everything which I know will interest you. And you will write to me, will you not, dear Aunt Ursula? Tell me that I have not made you very uneasy, and that you are now satisfied I have consulted my own happiness. Colonel St. Maur is writing to you, and asking you to receive him as your son-in-law and nephew, and we are both too confident of your goodness to doubt that you will send us a kind reply. With dear love to you and to Olive, believe me ever, my dearest aunt,

"Your very affectionate niece,
"CLARIS ST. MAUR."

It was all so like Claris—too like—plausible, self-satisfied, utterly impervious to the shame and guilt of such treachery and falsehood as sickened the hearts of the two faithful women, who turned from the history before them and looked into each other's faces the grief and disappointment they would not put into words. It was this triumphant tone which was harder to understand and forgive than any other part of Claris's conduct. They were too single-hearted both of them to comprehend that when a person does a thing well, even if that thing be wickedness, he or she is sure to enjoy the doing of it. We picture to ourselves a faltering, hesitating, trembling walk in the path of sin; we fancy that the sinner must start at every sound, and lead a wretched, haunted life. Nothing of the kind. There is a triumphant elation at the success of each step; a sense of difficulties happily surmounted, of faculties well developed and exercised; a satisfied consciousness of power, power to deceive and accomplish, which makes successful wickedness in the doing a very agreeable and fascinating thing. If it were not so there would not be so many eager to do it.

Inclosed in this letter from Claris were a few words from Colonel St. Maur, asking pardon of Miss Ursula in a manly way, saying what he had to say well, as Colonel St. Maur would be sure to say it, and inclosing an announcement of the marriage for the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and other papers. And so this strange, incredible thing began to assume tangible proportions.

"On the 11th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. David Owen, Lieut.-Colonel Douglas St. Maur, Governor of New Zealand, to Claris, second daughter of the late Godfrey Bankes, Esq., of Delhi, and niece of Miss Armytage, of Armytage Park.

Miss Ursula read the words over two or three times until they grew familiar to her, then she roused herself with a deep sigh from the reverie into which she had fallen, and suddenly remembered the third letter from the morning's post, which still lay unopened upon the table. It was written in a clear, business like hand, and this was what it told Miss Armytage:—

"MADAM,—I have the honor to inform you that I have made a very important discovery relative to the very painful event at your house on which I have been employed for some weeks past. I regret to say that the discovery is not so full or so important as it ought to have been, in consequence of an unfortunate circumstance over which I had no control, that circumstance being *death*.

"Having reason to believe that a suspicious character, seen lurking about your mansion for some days previous to the sad occurrence of last month, had some hand in that occurrence, I traced him to a village in Kent, where, unfortunately, he died before I could get any confession from him. I found, however, a large and valuable pearl which had been in his possession, and which corresponded with one found in the lady's apartment, and proved to have belonged to a set in her possession at the time of her disappearance. I also searched the property of the man I allude to after his decease, and found four ten-pound notes, the numbers exactly corresponding with those which Miss Bankes drew from the Eastwick bank on the 13th of August. I also traced a fifth note, changed by the man in question, and agreeing with the number of the remaining note. He had upon his right arm a wound caused by some sharp instrument, and evidently of some standing. His last words were of a 'magistrate' and 'fifty pounds;" but he was too far gone when I obtained access to him to get any sort of deposition from him.

"The inference I draw from all I have stated is that this man was concerned with others in the lamentable event, and the wound was probably received in some quarrel with his accomplices respecting the division of the booty, the larger and more valuable part of which must still remain in their hands. I am devoting myself to the task of tracing these accomplices, but as yet, I am sorry to say, without the slightest clue to their whereabouts. But the property is of a nature to give the strongest hope of ultimately recovering the track.

"I have thought it my duty to inform you of these particulars, as I have also done to Mr. Hailsham of Abbeyford, and should anything further transpire, I will immediately communicate it to you. I am, madam,

"Your obedient, humble servant,
"ROBERT FAYRIT.

"*Chadleigh, September 18th*, 18—."

"And so he is dead!" sighed Miss Ursula, laying down the letter.

Whereupon Olive started violently, and changed from red to pale so rapidly that Miss Ursula, unconscious of the *traduction libre* of which the pronoun "he" is capable, looked at her in great surprise and handed her Mr. Fayrit's information, with a vague sense that her discomposure might thereby be relieved.

"The last link in the chain," Miss Ursula said by-and-by when Olive had regained her usual complexion; "how strangely it has all come about! I wonder who the poor creature is, and if he has left any one behind him—wife or child—to mourn for his sins and for his wretched end?"

At this moment Perks appeared in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said quietly, "but Mrs. Winter wished to know if you had finished with the breakfast things?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Miss Ursula, "we had quite forgotten them. And Perks"—with an effort—"you and Jervis will be glad to hear that we have news of Miss Claris."

Perks fairly screamed.

"Yes," proceeded her mistress, searching for the least compromising words in which to clothe the truth, "Miss Claris left us of her own accord, Perks, and she is married to Colonel St. Maur, and has sailed with him to New Zealand, where he is governor. I have received a long letter from her this morning. You are at liberty to tell this news to all your fellow-servants, as they have suffered the anxiety with us."

But Perks gave no word of thanks or congratulations; she was leaning against the wall, gasping for breath, and pressing both hands tightly against her chest.

"Thank God!" she articulated faintly; "then there was no murder."

"No," returned Miss Ursula, "but there was robbery. Some suspicious character, lurking about the house that night, robbed Miss Bankes of fifty pounds and some gold. Mr. Fayrit, the police detective, traced him to some place in Kent, where he died, poor creature, without giving any account of himself or of his affairs."

But Perks was incapable of reply; she sank into the nearest chair, and for the first time in her life, to the inexpressible astonishment of her mistresses, fainted quite away.

In an hour later Miss Ursula joined Olive where she sat upon the beach, casting pebbles into the sea, and dreaming dreams that brought faint blushes into her cheeks and trembling smiles upon her lips.

"I shall write to Miss Hetty to-night," said Miss Ursula as she seated herself by the side of her niece, "and ask her to come to us as soon as she can travel—the change will do her good, and you will like it, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, so much!"

"And I think we will not go home for a while. As soon as the weather changes we will go to the South of France, and give dear Miss Hetty a southern winter for her rheumatism—if you like, Olive."

"Yes"—more faintly.

"And, Olive, I have sent telegrams to Mr. Hailsham and to Mr. Fayrit, telling them that we have news of Claris—that she is safe and well. And I have also sent to Lady Arthur and to Gerald. And I have asked Gerald to come to me; the explanation will be best given to him personally, painful as it will be."

An incursive wave received a whole shower of pebbles at this moment, and the noonday sun burnt Olive's cheek so hotly that she was forced to spread her sunshade between herself and Miss Ursula.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.

I am sure that all the "misses" who have an insatiable appetite for love-scenes, from which weakness, moreover, some of the older and wiser people are by no means exempt, will want me to tell them all that Gerald said when he came down to Southbourne and found his way thus clear and open before him. But there is a difficulty in this which I beg the young ladies to understand is none of my making—the fact is, Gerald didn't say much—nothing, in fact, to speak of. Happy love has a worldless language, which, however expressive to the two persons most interested, is not exactly reducible to pen, ink, and paper. As well try to bring the gushing exuberance of the lark's melody down to rhyme and metre; as well attempt to distil vowels and consonants from the spring-tide fragrance of violet banks and purpling woods; as well, nay, better, fix a camera against the shifting splendors of a translucent rainbow, and expect to reproduce them in photographic triumph on a sheet of cardboard! Oh, no! there are many things to which language is altogether inadequate, and this is one of them. And I will submit that it was emphatically a case in which any verbal explanation, however well managed, would have been very unnecessary and even intrusive. For what, after all, *could* Gerald say in extenuation of the past? Was he not much wiser to let judgment go by default? I think so. They met, these two, heart to heart; there was no need of the intermediate stage, the stepping-stone of words to smooth the way and make it easier. They were content to wander together out of sight along the quiet shore between Southbourne and the neighboring fishing village, watching the crimson glitter of sunset on the waters fade into the milder beauty of "shifting tints as on the necks of doves," or they sat silent through the noonday heat in shady, pebbly nooks amongst the gray rocks, reading more in each other's eyes than in the books which served them as a pretext for the more attractive study. And this is all that I can tell the young ladies or any one else who may be hoping for the pretty details of the love-making.

I suppose, too, that there are some among my readers who, in their very right and proper disapproval of a young man who, in the homely phraseology of a good woman of my acquaintance, "didn't know his mind and ought to," will feel inclined to wonder at Olive for receiving him back again. But Olive, you see, was endued with a sixth sense which saw below the surface of things, and she possessed, moreover, a large share of that lovely and greatly-needed virtue of forgiveness. She had seen something of the world—Hilda's world—although she was very far from having reached the commanding view-point occupied by that young lady—since the days when she had looked to match her exceptional love with a love equally exceptional. She was satisfied now to cover with the ægis of her womanly tenderness the flaw which she had discovered in her idol and to keep it her idol still. Not that she had lowered her standard either; if she demanded less of life and of others, she demanded as much as ever of herself. She was forced to discount that mythical perfection with which she had once invested her lover; but she knew and recognized that there was enough of good material left out of which to make a very sufficient happiness.

Miss Hetty Bushe responded to Miss Ursula's invitation by hurrying forthwith to Southbourne, and arriving there pale and worn from her late illness, but in a great flutter of excitement which was so eager to expand itself that it could scarcely be continued during the journey.

"Dear me!" she cried, advancing with eager outstretched hands to meet Miss Ursula's and Olive's warm welcome—"dear me! how glad I am to see you again! I thought I should never get here, and I said to Dinah, 'How many stations now, Dinah? Surely you must be mistaken—we can't have five more to pass'—for, you see, my eyes have not been strong since my illness, and then the figures in the time-tables are *so* small, so I was obliged to trust to Dinah, and she was right after all; it was only my impatience. Well, I am here now, and it was so good of you to think of it, and I am so pleased to see you—and you too, Captain Thynne, and let me congratulate you, which, indeed, I am burning to do. But I never was so surprised in my life—never! And so pleased too! It is the strangest thing that has ever happened! And to think that I should have been lying there in my bed fretting about you all, and wondering—not misdoubting—oh, no! I have lived too long in the world for *that*—but *wondering* at the ways of Providence, whilst all the time everything was working round in the best possible way! And now I must have a good talk about it, and you must make me understand it all. Tea? Yes, thank you, dear Miss Armytage; I shall be very glad of a cup—always so refreshing after a journey. But what was I saying? Oh, I was asking you to tell me how it all came about. And to think that Claris is a governor's lady! How well she will fill the station, she is so stately and dignified! And all our dreadful anxiety is so happily ended! But you must tell me all about it, Olive"—but Olive had disappeared, preferring to let the first overflow of Miss Hetty's satisfaction pass without her. "Dear me! how dusty I am!" Miss Hetty continued. "Yes, I will go to my room, Miss Armytage, thank you. But tell me, Captain Thynne, what does Lady Arthur say to all this? she was so fond of Claris"—but Captain Thynne had disappeared also, so Miss Hetty was fain at last to accept Miss Ursula's often-proffered attendance to her own apartment, and there to chatter on to this safer listener of the surprise and satisfaction which were *tant soit peu* inconvenient to the others.

Miss Hetty then sat and sipped her tea in a state of beatitude, being at the time in full view of our lovers as they—likewise in a state of beatitude—strolled along the beach in front of the window.

"Dear me!" half sighed Miss Hetty, "it reminds me so much of my own story—how George Danvers loved *me* first and married my poor sister after all. But somehow I feel that this is all right. Our dear, good little Olive seems to me exactly suited to that nice young man, Lady Arthur's son—I always liked him as a boy—such a fine, brave little fellow he was, and he used to climb my fir-trees for birds'-nests, and I used to keep all the rosy apples in the garden for him. How time does pass, to be sure! To think that that nice boy of Lady Arthur's should be going to marry Olive! And Claris and the colonel, they must make a noble pair. I remember being very much struck with him the first time I saw him at that abrupt Mr. Hailsham's—such fine manners and such a particularly nice voice he had! I *do* like to see all the young people happy."

Which nobody who knew Miss Hetty ever doubted for a moment.

It was very good for Miss Ursula to have Miss Hetty with her through that winter, which was spent, as she had proposed, in the South of France. It helped to tide her over that trying period, upon which Miss Ursula found herself to have entered with a suddenness which had prevented her from fortifying herself to meet it. That must needs be a dreary moment when the fond mother-bird first looks down into her deserted nest, which has been for so long the centre of her tender cares and dearest joys, and finds it empty—dreary in spite of the maternal pride which has watched the glad poise of the strong young wings, and exulted in the free upspringing which must, after all, leave her and home behind.

And so it was hard for Miss Ursula, notwithstanding her cordial sympathy, and her rejoicing at the happy conclusion which had come to Olive's trials, to look forward to a return to that solitude in which she had begun to grow old, with less of lonely heart-sickness than seemed to threaten her now. For in addition to the natural shrinking from solitude—and Miss Ursula had to meet all the fears and terrors which we have seen beset the breast of the poor hen, who, having reared a brood of ducklings, sees them all at once take to the element of which she knows nothing but that it is dangerous—Miss Ursula's nurslings had embarked upon the fair sea of life, and were sailing away down the smooth current. She might beat her wings upon the brink and cry after them in her fear and her loneliness, but she could not stay their glad exultant sail upon that ocean of youth and love where she could not follow them. So it was good for Miss Ursula to have Miss Hetty by her side pouring forth her warm congratulations, her confident auguries of future good and happiness.

It was a great help too, though in a totally different mode of operation, that, at this time Lady Arthur, ordered by her physicians, came first to Mentone, and then, driven by the restlessness of disease, to Bagneres, and on to Pau, attended all the time by her son, and nursed with most patient assiduity by the two good maiden ladies, on whose friendly offices she was now entirely dependent, since Hilda, pining under her long imprisonment at Hazelrigge, had been recalled by her family, who considered that the relationship had by this time been amply vindicated, and that henceforth Lady Arthur might well be left to the charge of her future daughter-in-law and connections. And Olive patiently and gladly paid even this as part of the price of her happiness, although her mother-in-law elect made the price as heavy as sickness and natural irritability and long-cherished dislike *could* make it.

Meantime the Albion arrived at her destination after a prosperous voyage, and the new governor and his lady were received with the enthusiasm which is apt to celebrate the inauguration of a new power. And the grace and beauty of Claris, with the polished courtliness of Colonel St. Maur, not only justified the enthusiasm but settled it into a popularity which made her first months of colonial experience as delightful and intoxicating as Claris could have wished. To be *fêted* and cheered, to make triumphant progresses, to reign in miniature was enough, in those first days' to satisfy even *her* ambition. This was infinitely better—as she thought, sometimes, with triumphant satisfaction—than the subordinate position of wife to a secretary of embassy at some continental city. She had done well, she was content, and we must do her the justice to say that ambition, and gratified vanity, and the love of power were not the only elements which produced that content. Claris, cold, and worldly, and selfish as she was, could love after her fashion, and she loved her husband—after herself—better than she had ever before loved any creature or thought to love any. She was a better woman for that love, imperfect and alloyed as it was; if it did not raise her to purer and higher aspirations, if it did not stimulate her to better and nobler aims, it at least saved her from utter selfishness. That love was one of the strange anomalies which we are so often called upon to wonder at in life. Colonel St. Maur was the only man who had not been subjugated by the arts and fascinations of the subtle beauty—the only man whom she had felt herself powerless to bring to her feet; and so, by a strange contrariety of nature, he was the only man who had power to touch her heart. She knew that he had never been, for one moment, her dupe, as other men so easily were; she understood that he had made her the stepping-stone through that influence which he found she possessed to the position he coveted, but she admired him only the more for the calm, deliberate, *successful* planning which could make even herself subservient to the object he had in view. She was not a woman to be touched or won by the more scrupulous virtues—she was apt to scorn them as weakness—but she was moved to high admiration at the sight of power, however darkly used—of strength of will and resolution of purpose, however misapplied.

So the sun seemed to shine fair and bright on the governor's lady, and she was quite unconscious of any cloud which might arise to overshadow the brilliant prospect before her. No regrets for the past troubled her enjoyment of the present, nothing but curiosity, tinctured, perhaps, with a little self-elation, made her look forward to the coming mail, which ought to bring the opinions of her English friends on the course she had taken. She had no dread of their disapproval; she was not at all anxious as to their view of her conduct; she was perfectly satisfied herself, and it never occurred to her but that they must be the same. She had no perception of any feelings beyond her own.

The mail, the first after the arrival of the new governor, was somehow delayed, broke down in the Red Sea, or found itself short of coal midway between Aden and Point de Galle, or encountered some one of the other casualties to which mails are occasionally subject even in these days of almost miraculous regularity and good management—but it arrived—the mail in question—just when Claris was setting forth, in all the glory of her state, to swell the brilliant spectacle of the opening of the first colonial parliament over which her husband presided. She had just seated herself, smiling, radiant, magnificent in her carriage, when an orderly rode up with the despatch-bags. The governor turned, with his foot on the step of the carriage, and held out his hand to the man for his important burden. A governor's time is precious, and he might, with his clear head and quick brain, master the details of his official correspondence even whilst he drove along. Claris watched whilst he drew forth one after another blue-tinted envelope, with imposing seals and printed *affiches*, and then she too held out her hand for the empty bag.

"Nothing for me!" she exclaimed in petulant accents after having satisfied herself that it really was empty.

Her husband just glanced up from the papers which occupied him.

"Nothing," he said; "there is no private correspondence."

"Oh, but is it not strange?" she asked. "There *must* be letters for me. Can they not come later?"

She spoke to the aide-de-camp this time; he was sitting opposite to her.

"No," he replied, "I am afraid there is nothing for you this time."

"It is very strange!" she repeated; "there must have been a mistake somewhere. And I must wait a whole month."

"Yes," assented Captain Eyre, "unless, by chance, a sailing vessel or steamer should have left a day or two after the mail with letters for you; and then it must make a quick passage to arrive before the February steamer. I am afraid you must not calculate upon *that*."

"It is very provoking!" she returned, and she sat impatiently tapping her foot against the floor of the carriage. She had not been used to contradiction of late, and it tried her temper to be disappointed.

It was an open carriage, for the day was one of tropical heat, and the four splendid bay horses which drew it panted under the fierce sun. The scarlet of Captain Eyre's uniform was glaringly intrusive, and Claris, if she showed like a snow-flake in her white attire, felt as little as possible like one. Only the governor sat cool and silent, turning over his bundle of despatches, not a hair turned for all the sun and heat. The horses slackened their pace to mount the hill which led to their destination. Just then a little news-boy with a bundle of papers under his arm turned out of a side street, and sauntered along in the track of the governor's carriage, staring at the splendid pageant of blue uniformed outriders and gay trappings which luck had thrown in his way, but never ceasing, with true colonial independence, to vociferate his announcement of—

"Latest news from England! Arrival of the mail! Armytage tragedy! Insurrection in Italy!"

The boy's shrill treble reached even the governor's preoccupied ears. He raised his head quickly and beckoned to one of the escort.

"Stop that boy and bring me one of the papers."

Colonial etiquettes are not so strict as those of our more conventional land, and this interruption to a state progress did not excite the surprise that it might have done with us. The governor spread out the paper—damp from the press—and bent his head over it. Not so low, however, but that Claris, who was scanning his features with a nervous anxiety—for she, too, had caught the announcement—saw them change. Colonel St. Maur's was one of those faces which neither turn red nor white, under any alternation of feeling, but which darken in a way which does not add to their attractiveness. Now it had chanced that Claris, in all their previous acquaintance, had never seen this peculiar change pass over her husband's features, and as she perceived it now she was conscious of a terror also quite new to her experience. The dark shadow was in his eyes as he looked up presently and handed her the paper he had been reading.

"The Armytage Tragedy." It caught her eye at once. It was only a short paragraph, one of those brief foretastes of important or startling news which are published previous to the detailed statement in a later and less hurried edition; but there was enough to explain to Claris's mind all the horrible misconception and the hateful publicity which her secret flight had produced. She glanced at her husband where he sat with folded arms looking abroad, and that disagreeable shadow still darkening his handsome features. There could be no word between them, with Captain Eyre sitting, all unconscious and unsuspecting, within hearing. But Claris felt and understood at once what a thunderbolt had dropped into the prosperity and good fortune which had seemed so secure only an hour before. Colonel St. Maur was not a man to tolerate that his name should be bandied about from one vulgar mouth to the other through the length and breadth of the land—yes, and across the world, to this distant corner, where his high position would make the scandal and the wonder only the more racy and piquant. A newspaper announcement, "Elopement in High Life," a brief penance of publicity, this, of course, he had prepared himself to swallow as well as he could, was—in fact, the inevitable drop of gall in the cup of success which he had mixed for himself. But this—laugh! That dark side of his temper which was always so sedulously turned away from the outside world was likely, in the intimate unreserve of domestic life, to take a still deeper shade from this disgust.

Colonial ladies went home from that opening ceremony, and from the ball which followed in the evening, expatiating warmly and loudly upon the charming affability of the governor's lady, upon the sweetness of her manners and disposition, and upon the cordial and appreciative spirit in which she had come among them. Not one of them but had been gratified by some kind word or graceful act; not one, even the least entitled to consideration, had been overlooked. And the governor himself gained golden opinions from men, slower and less impulsive in their judgments, and more exacting in their requirements. And it would not have been easy for any of those who watched the two, doing so perfectly and gracefully the honors of the occasion, to suspect that they had between them a secret annoyance which made all those smiles and all that urbanity nothing but a politic mask assumed for a purpose which both equally recognized as imperative—popularity. Claris and the colonel were well matched: both knew how to hold their own and to support each other before the world.

A month passed—a month which told upon the happiness of Claris. It is difficult for the most generous of men to be patient and forbearing under great irritation, and Colonel St. Maur, as Claris found, was not generous. To be obliged to sit still there at the Antipodes, and let this stupid, excruciating blunder go on, Heaven only knew how far! to sit still and torture himself with visions of a *dénouement* of absurdity especially galling to so proud a nature, and to have to carry all this into the world under a calm and even affable exterior, was really enough to make most men, or, at least, a great many men, avenge themselves and their outraged feelings upon those near and easy victims which the law has so conveniently placed at their disposal. Amongst Colonel St. Maur's other gifts was one of bitter sarcasm—irony he called it, when he confessed to it—a weapon which might be rather more polished and refined but was not really less cruel than the slave-whip which the notorious Legree wielded with such deadly effect. But, true to her instincts, Claris recognised even in this another exercise of that power to which she was fain to bow down. Strange as it may seem, even whilst she suffered, she was drawn more and more towards this man, who had never courted her as other men had done.

She came in from a drive one day, when the long month had come to a close, and found her husband sitting in her room with a packet of unopened letters in his hand. He rose and laid them before her as she seated herself: the governor never forgot the studious courtesy which distinguished him.

"If you will permit me," he said, "I will wait to hear if your private report is less violently absurd than the public ones with which I have been edifying myself."

She did not answer. Miss Ursula's letter was open before her, detailing with mild reproach all the sufferings which Claris's flight had entailed upon her and upon Olive, and an unwonted moisture was gathering in Claris's eyes as she read. It is possible that her late experiences had prepared the way for this unusual emotion; the easiest and likeliest road to soften a woman's

nature is through her heart. Colonel St. Maur waited with perfect patience whilst she read all through those long crossed pages of feminine correspondence, which tries the less than perfect patience of most men—waited whilst she sat silent for an unconscious space afterwards.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Oh!" she cried, coming back with a start to the recognition of his presence, "it is all settled—all explained, I mean—and the wretched mistake cleared up. The pilot lost the letters we sent ashore, and only found them when he recovered from an illness, and then he sent them to Aunt Ursula. And Olive—"

She stopped, startled by a sudden quick raising of the drooped eyelids with which he had been listening to the first part of her explanation.

"Olive—Olive," she went on, faltering she hardly knew why, "is engaged—is going to be married to Gerald Thynne."

The eyelids drooped again. It was seldom they lost their caution, but as Claris looked at her husband's face there spread over it a cloud so dark that the wife actually shuddered. St. Maur caught her terrified look, and rising from his seat strode precipitately from the room, closing the glass door of the verandah after him with a fierce jerk which caught his hand in the fastening. And then, as he released it, the polished colonel, whose words were wont to drop from his lips like the pearls and diamonds of the fairy tale, hissed through his set teeth as rude and coarse an oath as the rudest and coarsest bullock-driver under his government might have been tempted to utter!

Claris sat still where he had left her, stunned and stupefied by the shock of a sudden revelation, with a cry ringing in her ears which sounded like *Retribution! Retribution!*

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Masculine Etiquette.

Gentlemen walking should keep their hands in their pockets. It shows their figure to advantage, keeps their hands warm and out of other people's pockets.

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If you see a person on the opposite side of the street you wish to intercept, cry as loud as possible to him, "Ho, Jones." Of course Jones will "Ho!" and you will show passengers that you take a great interest in the fate of Jones.

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☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Jan., by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. JOHN MCGUCKIN, of New York, formerly of Philada., to Miss REBECCA A. CHAMPION, of Dorchester, N. J.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, CHARLES W. ALBERTSON to NELLIE K. LEVERN.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., NATHAN C. CRAIGE to EMILY F. ROCKWELL, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Joseph Castle, D. D., GEORGE BLEE, Esq., to Miss SARAH MCGONAGLE, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. SCHAAR to Miss MARY E. BLOOD, both of this city.

On the 11th of Sept. last, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. ALLEN M. HALL to Miss MAGGIE LAIRSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, THOMAS PARRINGTON, in his 59th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. SIMON WEIL, in his 67th year.

On the 3d instant, THOMAS TOY, in his 32d year.

On the 3d instant, HAMILTON FRAME, in his 23d year.

On the 2d instant, Capt. AARON HELMS, in his 61st year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY PAUL, in her 67th year.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS MORRISON, in his 39th year.

On the 6th day, 2d mo., 1st instant, ESTHER OLDEN, in her 80th year.

On the 1st instant, BENJAMIN F. HANCOCK, Esq., in his 67th year.

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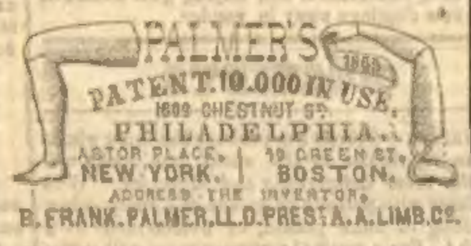

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READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of those Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,

W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 25a Blackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
933 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pennington, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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BY L. O. EMERSON. JUST PUBLISHED.

IS THE BEST BOOK for Choirs, Schools, Societies, Conventions, Practice, Social Singing, Families and all Singers. Suited to all denominations, occasions and capacities, in its exercises, glees, part-songs, &c., its anthems and sentences, its chants and selections and its great variety of hymn tunes. Price $1.38. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

THE HEAD OF A COMET,

according to Milton, is rendered tenfold more terrible by its

"HORRID HAIR,"

and there are thousands of fiery human heads which might be rendered charming by simply changing their tint to a mellow brown, or a perfectly natural black with

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It is ridiculous to carry into society a grey, sandy or carroty head, when five minutes would render it as attractive as Nature could have made it in her happiest mood.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
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GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Sent by mail for 50 cents a package or 3 for one dollar. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

On Sundays—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00	A.M. & 11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 9.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.55	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 9.20	A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 8.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
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AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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A HEAVY BEARD

in five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLENTOWN, PENN., April 4, 1865.

Messrs. T. ALLCOCK & Co.:

Dear Sirs:—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week.

Yours truly,
JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

We refer to the

Forty Thousand Druggists

who sell our Plasters, as to their high sterling character.

ALLCOCK & CO., Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists. feb2-eow1t

$30,000.

FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.

Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
jan19-12t

WIT AND HUMOR.

On Chambermaids.

Against all chambermaids, of whatever age or nationality, I launch the hostility of Bachelordom!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read or smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors,) you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit, but glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang that tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillow, they undo your work, and thus defy you, and seek to embitter the life that God hath given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull the trunk out six inches *from* the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't. And so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack.

They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perishable glass things where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in in the night you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket by the door and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put any thing, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it.

If you leave your key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves—but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back down stairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you—but after you get up they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have denounced them in behalf of outraged bachelordom. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.—*Mark Twain.*

A. Ward's First Letter.

Mr. Browne (Artemus Ward) began to write for the Cleveland Plaindealer in the summer of 1858, Mr. J. W. Gray being then proprietor. His letters, first merely written for the purpose of "filling up" when "copy" was scarce, sprang almost immediately into widespread notoriety. The first one appeared in the fall of '58. Here it is:—

To the Editor of the Plaindealer,—Sir—I'm moving along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you to write me a letter, sayin how's the show bizness in your place. My show at present consists of three moral bears, a Kangaroo, (a amoozin little raskal—twould make you larf to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal,) wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Dr. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killing Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellaneous moral wax stattoos, of celebrated pirats and murderers, etc., skalled by few and excelled by none. Now, Mr. Editor, scratch off a few lines sayin how is the show bizness down to your place. I shall have my handbills done at your office. Depend upon it. I want you should get my handbills up in flamin style.

Also get up a tremenjus excitement in your paper, 'bout my unparalleled show. We must fetch the public somehow. We must work on their feels—come the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temperance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minutes arter ise born. But on the contrary, if your people take their toda, say that Mister Ward is as genial a feller as we ever met—full of conviviality, and the life and sole of the soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anything 'bout my show, say my snaix is as harmless as a new-born babe. What a interesting study it is to see a zoological animal like a snaik, under perfect subjection. My Kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw—all for fifteen cents. I am anxyus to skewer your influence. I repeat, in regard to them handbills, that I shall git them struck off up to your printin office. My perlitical sentiments agree with yourn exactly. I know they do, becaus I never saw a man whoose didn't.

Respectfully yours, A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back and Ile scratch your back.

THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

WIFE.—"Have you lost your watch, love?"
HUSBAND.—"No, dear, 'twas a new bonnet I had for you somewhere."

Extortion by Hackmen.

A gentleman who lately visited New York, writes that he read in one of the city papers that the extortion practiced by hackmen there was such that "no man calls a carriage without having first resolved upon fighting or being robbed." But, having a lady with him, he took a carriage at the depot, and the following was *his* experience:—

Upon reaching the hotel he alighted and asked the price of the service.

"Five dollars," said Jehu.

Handing him a five dollar greenback, the gentleman inquired, quietly—

"What is your *number*?"

"Four dollars," he answered, gruffly.

"Here are four dollars. What is your number?"

"Three dollars," said the fellow, sulkily.

"Here are three. Now, your number, sir?"

"Two dollars—little 'nuff, too," rejoined the driver.

"Two, then; here they are. What is your number?"

"*One* dollar, cap'n—one dollar'll do," replied whip.

"Here is your dollar," said our friend, civilly; "all you are entitled to. It's no consequence as to your number now. Good-morning." And the parties separated without either "fight or robbery!"

Anecdote of Gen. Houston.

In the old times of the Texas Republic Gen. Houston was sorely troubled with a lot of visionary madcaps who were constantly urging on a war of extermination against the Mexicans, numbering some seven millions of people, and the Indians, who at least equalled the few thousands of whites then in Texas. On one occasion a committee of these young war-horses waited on the General, their chairman and spokesman being Hugh M———, a young lawyer recently arrived from Georgia. A large crowd was present, and M———, who was a handsome young fellow and a very elegant speaker, improved the occasion to recite the wrongs of the people, to enlarge on the barbarity of the foe, and to explain to the President his duty, of which he demanded an immediate performance. Old Sam rose to the full majesty of his great form, and raising his face and hands solemnly upward, said, "Heavenly Father, I beseech Thee to save my poor devoted country!" (lowering his head and hands and hissing out the remainder of the sentence)—"save it from these smart young men!" The committee retired amidst a roar of laughter; and M———, who told the story, said that he had never after attempted that sort of tactics on old Sam.

A coon story is told of a Glasgow merchant, who, on his death-bed, sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asked the reverend gentleman, "Do you think, if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free Kirk, that my soul would be saved?"

"Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think it's an experiment well worth trying."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Maple Sugar Making.

The POST goes probably to at least five thousand homes at which more or less maple sugar is made every spring. Perhaps the inmates of one half these homes are already *Posted* in all the improved processes of maple sugar making. Very well, they will indorse our sugar preaching and practice, and the three or four thousand whose sugar-maple education may require a few hints to make it complete, will make up a very respectable congregation. Not many of our most popular preachers ever reach half so many ears in one discourse.

So coming to practical maple sugar making, it is time to begin preparations for the sweet campaign. If the very best article of sugar for home consumption, or that will command highest prices if for sale, be the intention, every thing must be as cleanly and methodically conducted as in a first-class dairy. The best material for making buckets for receiving the sap from the trees, is the red beech, which grows plentifully generally wherever the sugar maple does. The buckets should be made large enough to hold two pailfuls, considerably larger at top than the bottom, and strongly hooped with wood. As the season for sugar-making is drawing near, the buckets, and a supply of spouts made of sumach, a foot in length, an inch or so in diameter, with the end to be inserted into the tree nicely rounded to fit a seven-eighth of an inch augur hole, should be prepared, and all ready to be put into service at the first indication of good sap weather. All trees ought to be tapped either on the south or east side, and any one more than twenty inches in diameter may have a bucket at each of these sides, with two spouts to each bucket. In tapping, bore in with a sharp, clean-cutting augur two and a half inches, and drive the spout in firmly one half that distance.

Take the sugar trees early, at the first general thaw, whether late in February or early in March, as the earliest flow of sap is purest, sweetest, and produces the best, and most sugar per gallon. If maple sugar-making is to be carried on in the woods—and it ought by all means to be wherever any considerable quantity is made, a comfortable "sugar camp" should be prepared in season, and as there are likely to be times when it will be necessary to continue the boiling night and day, the camp shanty ought to be made cosy and comfortable, having bunks with plenty of clean straw and blankets, and a door facing the camp-fire. The kettles or improved sugar pans, ought to be set in brick or stone work, with a chimney to create a draught. Thus arranged, cleanliness and a great saving of fuel is secured. A supply of good dry fuel should be provided beforehand, so that after sugar-making begins, there shall be no need of breaking off to cut, haul, and split wood.

In many instances the trees will supply sap faster than it can be boiled down into sugar, and in such cases storage becomes a necessity. For this purpose, casks or tubs perfectly clean and sweet, with close covers, should be provided.

If it is designed to make the sugar into cakes, tin pans of any size are the most suitable for the purpose. Where a considerable quantity of sugar is to be made, and kettles are used, four of them at least boiling about six pailfuls each, should be set in line in the arch. Then use the one nearest, or over the hottest of the fire for heating the sap, and with a long-handled dipper lade from it to the second, and from that to the third, and so on to the last, which having the least heat underneath boils slowly, and being less liable to scorch the material, is made the finishing kettle.

Whenever the syrup has so thickened that it breaks off from the edge of a ladle or flat wooden paddle dipped into it and held up in the air, it is in condition to cake, and the pans being first well greased inside, may be filled and set away to cool. A more beautiful maple sugar—dry and light, equal in appearance to first-class Muscovado, may be made by boiling the syrup moderately until it begins to granulate, and then removing it from the fire, stir thoroughly and vigorously with a strong wooden paddle till the whole mass is cooled and changed into a beautiful, dry, light colored sugar, a great deal cleaner, and far sweeter than any cane sugar that can be bought.

Maple sugar-making is always hard labor. No play about it, except one or two "sugar off" frolics during the season. Nevertheless, as the season of sugar-making comes in when little other farm work can be performed, the time is well put in, and although every pound of maple sugar costs in labor every cent it will bring, it is still well worth making, and making good.

Winter Painting.

Calling common sense and some little philosophy to our assistance, we shall see that winter is a more proper time to apply paint to all out door surfaces, than warm weather. In summer, particularly if the weather has been warm and dry for a few days, there are innumerable chinks, rents, and little fissures all over the surface gaping for moisture, ready to lay hold of any liquid applied even though it be paint oil, sucking it in like a sponge—sucking the paint dry of nearly all that makes its "body," leaving the dry, dead coating, with only so much body as flour, rubbing and raining off as readily as any other dust.

Instead of this summer practice of painting, we would make winter work of it, though a trifle objectionable on account of cold fingers, still we should be so largely the gainers by the practice that we should be able to wear warm gloves in painting, or willing to give them to the journeyman painter who does our work for us. In winter, all the rents in the wood are closed, presenting a smooth surface, requiring but half as much paint to cover it smoothly and well, that would be necessary in warm, dry, summer weather. Besides drying gradually, the oil absorbed by the paint, instead of being all sucked into the wood, forms in combination with it the firm, hard, durable coating that we require to protect our exposed, out-door wooden surfaces.

Western Call for Workmen.

In nearly all the Western cities and country towns, from St. Louis sweeping round to the far west and north-west, there come calls earnest and frequently repeated for more mechanical help of almost all kinds; and several of our eastern editors—honest, and with good intentions undoubtedly, repeat the Western call, and say in effect:

"There's your chance, all you unemployed people. Don't you hear? Mechanics, lying idle, pack up and be off out West. Plenty of work that way, and liberal wages. Go and get rich. Don't stay here and starve. Go—don't you hear?"

Yes sir. The unemployed mechanic and laborer, hears and sees as well as you do, and knows a thing or two that it seems you require teaching. Our mechanics have worked as long as there was work to be done, and now being idle, how many of them have the $25 or $30 necessary to carry them to where their services are wanted? Only one in forty. Perhaps they might have lived a trifle more economical, and saved something in flush times; but no one has set an example in that direction. We have all been teachers of extravagance, and mechanics and mechanic's wives are apt scholars.

No, gentlemen—only two in eighty of our idle mechanics are able to get forty miles West, or leave their families a week unless to starvation. Why not put our good will in a tangible form? Let every charitable-minded man disposed to put a moderate sum to good use, select some worthy, willing mechanic, out of employment—advance him fifty dollars to get West with, and undertake to see his family provided for till he is able to begin to help them and himself; receiving back his advances by installments, with interest if he will. That's the way to get mechanics West and put them in the way of getting rich.

Gathered Grains.

—— So far, our wheat in all Eastern Pennsylvania has done bravely. Pretty well covered up since Christmas, none of it thrown out yet, and chances are pretty good for it to go clear of much winter-kill.

—— The Hollanders are fighting rinderpest again firmly; killing off whole herds of well cattle to prevent the plague from killing them.

—— The newest successful dig for water is to drive down a plugged-up gas pipe into the earth, punch out the plug, and there you have a pump all ready for action. They punch a 40 feet well in this way in two hours.

—— A great many landed proprietors in Virginia are offering half their land cheap, and inviting northern farmers to come and live next-door neighbors to them.

—— We had last week, a hundred as fair, fine flavored oranges as ever grew anywhere, only nine days from a sixty year-old tree growing on the upper St. Johns, Florida.

—— Several silly Canadian farmers are selling out snug homesteads and buying gold claims at the new diggings away in yonder.

RECEIPTS.

GREENS.—Greens are perhaps the most wholesome vegetables in the world, but cooks will render them indigestible and sickening. Woe to those who partake of greens of a rusty color, smelling of rank poison, or overcooked to a mash! For a week the unwary eater will suffer a martyrdom in health and temper. The right way to boil greens or brocoli is to wash each head singly in warm water, then in cold, where they must remain two hours, then be drained. A large saucepan *full* of boiling water, in which place a lump of salt and a piece of washing soda the size of a horse bean; when this is dissolved put in the greens, cover *them closely*, make them boil up *very fast*, then put them down well in the water and cover again. Turnip greens will cook thus in five minutes, bunch greens in a quarter of an hour, brocoli in twenty minutes, a savory about the same time; then let the water be drained from them through a colander, be pressed closely down with a plate, and the colander be kept over a saucepan of hot water, but not to touch it, to keep warm till they are needed. The green water must never be thrown down a drain within the house or out of it, but be thrown into a garden or on coal ashes, or on the earth.

CELERY SAUCE.—The first time it came to table it was black and hard, and certainly a quarter of a pound of butter had been used in the vain hope of making the sauce presentable at table. The next time, I went into the kitchen an hour before dinner, and had the celery pulled to pieces and washed, first in warm water, then in cold, then cut into small pieces half an inch long, and put into a pan of cold water (or it would turn black at the edge where the knife had cut it,) it was then drained and thrown into a saucepan of *fast boiling water*, in which was a little salt and a bit of bacon fat or butter the size of a nutmeg; it was made to boil up quickly, and in ten minutes from this time the celery was ready for straining and mashing with a *wooden spoon* in a basin; it was then slightly floured while hot, and mixed with sufficient hot milk *to set it*. The sauce was then ready. No butter was required. It had only to be kept warm in a covered basin in the hot oven till wanted. *After celery is placed in milk it will not turn black.*—MRS. WARREN.

MINCEMEAT FRITTERS.—With half a pound of mincemeat mix two ounces of fine breadcrumbs (or a tablespoonful of flour,) two eggs well beaten, and the strained juice of half a small lemon. Mix these well, and drop the fritters with a dessert spoon into plenty of very pure lard; fry them from seven to eight minutes, drain them on a napkin and send them very hot to table. They should be quite small.

THE ALMA PUDDING.—Make half a pound of bread crumbs, which put in a basin; add two ounces of sago, six ounces of finely-chopped suet, five ounces of sugar, four ounces of sultana raisins, six eggs, half a gill of rum, and two tablespoonfuls of apricot-jam. Mix all well; well butter the interior of a pudding-basin; add the mixture. Put some water in a saucepan, and set it on the fire. When beginning to boil, put in your basin, which ought to be a little more than half immersed in the water, and put on the lid. Boil gently, on a slow fire, for two hours. For sauce, put in a small pan two tablespoonfuls of apricot-jam, or any other kind of preserve, and two glasses of sherry, rum, or brandy. Warm gently, and when boiling take your pudding out, pass a knife between it and the basin, turn out on a dish, pour the sauce over and serve.—*Soyer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 13, 15, 25, 19, 5, 9, was a Trojan hero.
My 26, 18, 12, is a boy's nickname.
My 7, 2, 3, 22, 2, 24, 12, is a boy's name.
My 23, 3, 25, 10, is need.
My 1, 18, 5, 4, 11, was a celebrated general who died in victory.
My 5, 16, 21, 8, 22, means ordinary.
My 17, 24, 14, 11, 20, 5, 22, means watchful.
My whole is a well known proverb.

"PIN CUSHION."

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm in your office, your house and your home;
I form three-fourths of your meat;
In return I am wrongfully used;
I'm spit upon, trampled and beat.

When the storm rages wildly without,
And the rain in torrents doth pour,
I patiently wait your return,
And greet you first at the door.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1st. C. McMULLAN.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man purchased a farm in the form of a rectangle, whose length was 4 times its width. It cost ½ as many dollars per acre as the field was rods in length; and the number of dollars paid for the farm was 4 times the number of rods around it. Required—the price of the farm, and its length and breadth.

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A heavy chain, 100 feet long, was hung over a fixed pulley. At the beginning of the motion, one end of the chain was 12 feet below the other. Required—the time the chain was running off. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A stage at the north end of a hall extends in depth a distance, in proportion to the length of the hall, as 1 is to 7. The height of the stage is to the depth as 1 is to 5; and the width (which extends across the room) is to the depth as 8½ is to 1. What is the height of the stage, provided that a line drawn diagonally from the extreme southwest point of the floor of the stage to the southeast corner of the hall on the floor is 75 feet long?

Philadelphia, Jan. 14. H. K. WHITNER.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Upon what object in nature has every author in the world written? Ans.—Upon the earth.

☞ When guns go off, do they return again? Ans.—No, but we hear from them.

☞ I am forever, and yet was never—what am I? Ans.—Eternity.

☞ Enough for one, too much for two, not enough for three? Ans.—A secret.

☞ What are the most fashionable combs known? Ans.—Coxcombs.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Alphabet. ENIGMA—Henry Peterson and Co.

Tale of a Rattlesnake.

During the summer months rattlesnakes generally go about in pairs; so that if one is killed, the hunter had best look out for the other. This habit is not confined to the rattlesnake. Most venomous species observe the same rule. A negro slave in St. Domingo once took advantage of it to perpetrate a most foul crime. The negro had joined a conspiracy to revolt, but being suspected of lukewarmness in the cause, was commanded to destroy his master's only daughter, as a proof of his zeal, or suffer death himself. The rascal accomplished the deed without attracting the least suspicion toward himself. He discovered the haunt of a pair of deadly snakes, and by means of those arts peculiar to the half savage race, enticed them to the neighborhood of the house. He then informed his master that he had reason to believe that there was a venomous reptile in the neighborhood. A reward was offered for its destruction, which was gained by the negro himself, who killed the female snake the following morning. His courage and devotion were highly complimented by the master, and an additional reward given by the daughter of the planter.

The moment the negro was unobserved, he set to work to complete his plans. He dragged the body of the dead snake along the ground, through the house into the young lady's bedroom, and allowed it to remain for some few minutes between the sheets on the bed. This done, he concealed the snake about his body, and carried it to a distance. Night came, and the surviving snake began to seek its mate. The scent was still on the ground, and the reptile followed it up to the door, and then glided across the hall to the chamber of the planter's daughter. The trail was quite warm; the snake worked its way beneath the coverlet to the place where the other had been; and when the unfortunate girl moved her hand in her sleep to brush it from her neck, the fangs of the enraged reptile were instantly buried in her throat. The deep sleep produced by a sultry heat was upon her, and she awoke no more. When the parents visited their child in the morning, an offensive, putrid mass of corruption, in which they could hardly recognize the loved countenance, was all that met their sight.

☞ A certain Mr. Coffin once being blessed by the birth of a son, a friend offered one hundred dollars for the privilege of naming him. The offer was, however, declined, when it was proposed to christen the child Mahogany.

☞ Half the truth may be a lie in the absence of the other half.